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THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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### CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **Q**UESTION-TIME in the House of Commons yesterday week was made interesting by Mr. BALFOUR's wishing many happy returns of the day (not literally) to Mr. GLADSTONE; and information was given or refused on the familiar subjects of the navy, the Duke of EDINBURGH's allowance (in reference to which Sir JOHN RIGBY, not for the first time, showed a mastery of phrase which we most unequivocally commend), Egypt, and others. The Parish Councils Bill being resumed, the famous Nineteenth Clause, so long debated, which puts it in the power of the agricultural labourer to vote relief to his own class at the cost of the farmers and landlords, was at last carried, after a solemn protest from the Leader of the Opposition, made more weighty by the fact that nobody calls Mr. BALFOUR a croaker, and that the merely "akinetic" side of his Toryism is by no means so immovable as some of his friends wish. Ministers could do nothing better than put up Mr. ACLAND to make, among other things, the singularly felicitous remarks that he thought the bodies created by the Bill would be as good as the London County Council, and that Boards of Guardians would no more be deteriorated by the extension of popular election than the House of Commons has been. In the mouth of Sir WILLIAM HARROD this would have been not bad; Mr. ACLAND probably said it in all the incomprehensible seriousness of a middle-aged-young Gladstonian. Clause Twenty, which was scarcely contentious, was accepted without a division, and the fight then began again on Twenty-one.

On Monday, Mr. LABOUCHERE having had his daily worry at the Duke of EDINBURGH, Sir DONALD MACFARLANE, in all the valiancy of his new knighthood, called upon Mr. GLADSTONE to give effect to the wishes of the majority in reference to the Parish Councils Bill. But Mr. GLADSTONE was not spoiling for a fight like Sir DONALD, having, indeed, no spurs or sword to handsel, and the fact was that the terms noticed below had been arranged. The Bill itself was then entered upon; the Twenty-first Clause (with an amendment basely depriving a Chairwoman of a district Council of her right to be *ex officio* AUGUSTA PEASE) was carried, Twenty-two was not fought, and Twenty-three was agreed to after a single division. Twenty-four met

with more opposition, and was under debate at midnight.

At question time on Tuesday Mr. LABOUCHERE "rose the curtain," as usual, with his favourite farce of "*The Chartered Libertines; or, Bullying a Black Man.*" Mr. BYLES asked some particularly silly questions about the Duke of EDINBURGH and the "supremacy" of the House of Lords; Mr. HARRY FOSTER endeavoured to make a personal explanation about his election expenses, which the Radicals growled at and interrupted; and Mr. GLADSTONE explained the difficulties attending the state of things at Rio. Also the new Rules of Court excited the ire both of Scotchmen and Irishmen. The Parish Councils Bill being then resumed, what might seem considerable progress (some half-dozen clauses) was made; but neither side appeared to be quite happy, the extremists on both grumbling at the compromise, and Mr. FOWLER half threatening rescission of it.

About a dozen clauses were passed through Committee on Wednesday, most of them, it is true, of a more or less formal and uncontentious character; but Mr. FOWLER's temper still did not seem to be in an exactly placid condition. There appeared to be some chance of the Bill, if passed, not coming into operation for another year, in which case 1894 will not have to be described in history by the phrase "England under 'the Commune,'" whatever happens in 1895.

On Thursday, after some talk about the hours in dangerous trades, the Parish Councils Bill was resumed; its course being hustled and huddled so successfully that the better part of thirty clauses (all except those postponed by agreement) were tumbled through before progress was reported. For, when the House of Commons does agree to "go it blind," its blindness is truly heroic.

Politics out of Parliament. Yesterday week Mr. GLADSTONE's birthday called forth divers congratulations at home and abroad, of which perhaps the most remarkable was M. ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU's, to the effect that Mr. GLADSTONE's axe "might symbolize his policy," and that "Old England has more than once felt his blows." Rather a *bipennis*, this axe of M. ANATOLE's! There was much talk of an intention of the Government to offer a kind of compromise on the Nineteenth Clause, by permitting the co-optation of two non-elected members, in addition to chairmen and vice-chairmen, and in default to guillotine.

It was known on Monday that such a compromise had been arrived at on the subject of the Parish Councils Bill, and that the *tricoteuses* of the Gladstonian guillotine need not get their knitting-needles ready. The terms were fully, though not officially, published on Tuesday morning, and (put briefly) were that the Opposition, of the one part, would allow the Bill to go up to the Lords by the end of the third week in the month; the Government, of the other, granting not merely the extra two co-optable non-elected members, but some considerable diminutions in the power of the Councils to harass the landlord, and damage his property by selecting allotments; and an exemption for all parish rooms of not more than forty years' standing. The Hornastle election contest was going on merrily, and some amusement was provided by the news that the ultra-Church-robbers among the Welsh members were furious at Mr. TORR's proviso of "For religious purposes only" in his adhesion to Disestablishment. At Dublin the Unionist part of the Corporation had refused to take any part in the installation of the Nationalist Lord Mayor.

Outside as well as within the House on Tuesday the compromise on the Parish Councils Bill was still the subject of considerable, and far from wholly favourable, comment. The Radicals held a meeting at which Mr. COBB raged, and the organs of the party next morning made frantic efforts to show that it really was a famous victory over those Tories. Meanwhile, in Scotland, Mr. KEIR HARDIE was busily pursuing his task of recommending the formation of a Labour party absolutely unconnected with either side in politics.

On Thursday it was reported that the Liberationists were sulkier than ever with Mr. TORR. He had, it seems, gone so far as to use the word "sacrilege," which is itself a slap in the face to all such as follow Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS. Indeed, Mr. TORR appears to be a decidedly interesting young man—for, entering the field as a strong Gladstonian candidate, he is against secularizing Church property, does not want to end the House of Lords, is quite clear that Irish members ought not to have anything to do with "our" affairs, and strongly opposes the purely secular education which is the god—or at least the object—of Mr. ACLAND's idolatry. We rather like Mr. TORR, though it may be feared that if he were elected the independent candidate would be an item as usual. Mr. LABOUCHERE had been speaking at Northampton, with much recourse to the dictionary of the vulgar tongue, in reference to the South Africa Company, and with steadfast declarations that he would rather remain a servant of the people than be a member of the Government. "'And when 'did they ask you, sir?' she said."

The searchings of heart in the Gladstonian party about Mr. TORR were partly relieved, partly intensified, by "interviewings," the results of which were published yesterday, and caused Mr. TORR to be magisterially informed that "there are only two lobbies." We do not know whether Mr. TORR is an epigrammatist, but he might retort, "There is a third; where those 'who don't go into either stay.'" It is the denizens of this lobby who are most inconvenient to Governments. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was pursuing the practice—a favourite one with the present Ministry, but quite contrary to English tradition and sound principles—of refusing to meet deputations (in this case against the Local Veto Bill) which do not agree with his views. After all, however, the thing is no novelty; for the mistake between rudeness and strength is old enough, and the practice of "stopping ears" perhaps older.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** News fairly plentiful in bulk, but of little substance, came from South Africa on Saturday morning, but nothing had been heard of Captain WILSON. Mr. RHODES, it seems, had repeated the statement that the Company's volunteers had de-

feated the enemy "without the assistance of the Imperial forces." This is false, and Mr. RHODES knows it. The French, assisted, we are sorry to say, by a certain amount of trade jealousy among English merchants, were still screaming at the Royal Niger Company; and there had been some not clearly understood trouble between the Germans at the Cameroons and their native troops. All was well (contrary to recent rumour) in Uganda; but things seemed to be going rather badly with the insurgents at Rio.

On New Year's Day a good deal of rumour, but few facts, came about Matabeleland. According to one story Mr. RHODES on his way through Palapye had been rating King KHAMA for his "desertion" of Colonel GOOLD-ADAMS. The "desertion" is one of the things which we are particularly curious to hear about, when the QUEEN's representatives find time to break the remarkable silence which they have hitherto observed on nearly everything in this matter. Sir HENRY LOCH had, as in duty bound, declined to be present at the dinner to Mr. RHODES. An item of news to be regretted, but not without hope, was that Mr. H. H. JOHNSTON had resigned his Commissionership of Nyassaland. This post, what with the natives, what with the uncovenanted Companies and individuals who are prosecuting European enterprise there, and what with the delicate relations to the Chartered Company, is anything but an easy one, and if LOBENGULA crosses the Zambezi will be more difficult than ever. It is to be hoped that Mr. JOHNSTON will reconsider his determination, or, if not, that some really strong man, such as Captain LUGARD, who knows the country well, will be sent out. The Indian National Congress, after passing the usual regulations—the dregs and worn-out leavings of Liberal Federations and Debating Societies—finished its sittings this day week. There had been more rioting of a very serious kind in Sicily. The Japanese Parliament was in fevers of "prorogation" and dissolution—to think that the mud of the Thames should thus be dumped on the placid fields that enjoy the sight of Fusi-yama! The Hungarian prelates were protesting vehemently against the policy of the Government in the Civil Marriage question; and the deficit of the United States for the last six months amounted to nearly seven millions sterling. Odd, and still not quite intelligible, details of the rising in the Cameroons came to hand, seeming to show that the German officers there were not well up to their business.

On Sunday last, as we learnt on Tuesday morning, a sort of mild Reign of Terror began in France against the Anarchists, domiciliary visits and police raids being made all over the country. This of itself was well, and very well; but it is questionable whether the acquittal of the Aigues-Mortes gang who attacked Italians—an acquittal which, despite the change of venue to Angoulême, took place to the disgrace of French justice—is calculated to discourage criminals. It was at last admitted by the Chartered Company that, according to a native report, a "portion of Captain WILSON's force had escaped" in a stated direction. We fear that the escape of a portion looks like an admitted failure to escape of the rest. A very extraordinary, but very circumstantial, story was told of the knouting and partial massacre of a Roman Catholic congregation in Russian Poland by the authorities some time ago. King HUMBERT had exhibited his usual good sense by taking direct notice of the Sicilian troubles in acknowledging the New Year congratulations of the Italian Parliament.

On Wednesday morning it was announced that the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN had been made an honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. The Duke of YORK had, with many acknowledgments, declined for the present, and for domestic reasons, the Australian in-

vitation to himself and the Duchess. In France Anarchist hunting was being pursued with vigour, but with no great bags; in Spain an important quarry, one FRANCH, was said to have been run down. Details were given of the treatment of the French "spy" officers in their German fortress prison, which was by no means of the TRENCH kind. The principal hardship appears to be that they are only allowed to read novels, without, it would seem, the consolation of reviewing them. There was no news from Matabeleland except the reported death of Commander RAAF, long known to students of South African affairs as an intrepid hunter and skilful organizer—a sort of Dutch Mr. SELOUS—and recently in high command among the Company's police. There had been still further rioting in Sicily; but steps had been taken by the appointment of a soldier as Prefect of Palermo for dealing with the whole matter. There was no decisive news from Rio; but in the Brazilian provinces the insurgents appeared to be steadily making way.

There was still no positive news about Captain WILSON's party up to Thursday; but Mr. SELOUS, it seems, had been told by natives that all but seven had been killed, which, as we had suspected, was no doubt the statement ingeniously turned inside out in the Chartered Company's telegram the day before; and, indeed, it corresponds to all probability. Mr. CECIL RHODES had been speaking big words at Cape Town, saying that "no campaign had ever been conducted 'with such humanity'" (this apparently means, in Rhodesian, "such a big human bag in proportion to 'the guns'"), and that "if terms were dictated unfair, 'and contrary to the South African ideal,' he would 'fight the battle earnestly and resolutely on behalf of 'the people of South Africa." The captured Anarchist, FRANCH, had taken upon himself the whole credit or debit of the explosion at the Liceo Theatre. The unfortunately stereotyped "fresh riots in Sicily" were reported. There was war between Nicaragua and Honduras; some details came of the German difficulties in the Cameroons and the French in Dahomey; and it was expected that the United States deficit up to next June would be fully fifteen millions sterling.

Yesterday we learnt that, as might be expected, KHAMA was indignant at Mr. RHODES's abuse of him, and demanded inquiry. The very cold weather, which appears to be impartially distributed all over Europe, supplied the greater part of the remaining foreign news.

**Ireland.** Dr. GREGG, who was recently elected Primate of All Ireland, was enthroned in Armagh Cathedral on Wednesday.

**The Law Courts.** The HARNESS case has occupied a good deal of time during the week.

**New Year Honours.** The honours distributed for the New Year were chiefly Indian and colonial, including the names of Sir H. M. DURAND and Lord WILLIAM BERESFORD. At home a small batch of baronetcies and knighthoods, chiefly distributed to Gladstonian items, was relieved by the C.B.s of Mr. NORMAN LOCKYER and Mr. PREECE.

**Correspondence.** At the end of last week Mr. SIDNEY LEE resumed his campaign against the clergy in the interests of the literary researcher. We own that we do not clearly see why the literary researcher, who is paid for his work, should be provided gratis out of rates or taxes, or by the unpaid labour of the clergy, with the means of doing it. No doubt this is not Mr. LEE's direct contention or object, but we fancy it comes to something not very different.—Sir WALTER GILBEY having suggested, as a panacea for agricultural depression, that landlords should cease making remissions of rent, and instead lower rents all round permanently, was answered, as might be expected, by Lord ASHBURTON and others—and, indeed, the answer

was obvious enough. In rejoinder Sir WALTER quoted CICERO, which is an agreeable and not now too common practice, denoting a liberal education and scholarly tastes, but did not touch the point of principal interest.

**Miscellaneous.** The formal opening for traffic of the Manchester Ship Canal took place on New Year's Day.—Towards the end of the week extremely severe frost, combined with easterly winds of the most abominable character, has prevailed in England as elsewhere.

**Obituary.** Lord LOVELACE, who died last week at the age of eighty-eight, will always enjoy an imputed immortality as the husband of BYRON's daughter.—Sir SAMUEL BAKER was an admirable specimen of the special type of man which has made England what it is—or was—though, at the same time, he exhibited some interesting variations from it. Although he belonged to a fairly well-to-do family, he was of no school, of no University, and of no regular profession, though he was at one time a civil engineer. Beginning when he was little more than of age as a planter and sportsman in Ceylon, he did much in both capacities there. Next, putting on his engineering coat, he had to do with the Dobrudzha railway; then, accompanied by his second wife, he made his great exploring voyage up the Nile; lastly, he was for a time put by the Khedive in full command of what was partly a conquering, partly an anti-slave-trade campaign in Equatoria, where he did great things, but was ill supported. This brilliant passage in his career ended twenty years ago, and since then he lived as a country gentleman, best known to the general public by vigorous and sensible newspaper letters on African and other policy.—Lord SANDFORD, better known as Sir FRANCIS SANDFORD, and for many years Secretary of the Education Department, was a Civil Servant of very long standing, of great abilities, and of the old type, prepared by a liberal education and liberal surroundings for his work. The ideal Secretary of this Department in the future is, we believe, to be a Board-school master.—Professor MARSHALL, of Owens College, who lost his life on the always dangerous sides of Scawfell, was a zoologist of middle age and of high reputation.—The recent appearance of his very amusing Reminiscences made Mr. HENRY VIZETELLY better known than most journeymen of literature. He had had an animated and interesting career, which, on the whole, deserved a better conclusion than that which some years ago a combination of misjudgment and ill-luck brought on him.—Baron SOLVINS, who was found dead in his bed after an attack of influenza on Wednesday, had been Belgian Minister in London for some twenty years, and was an accomplished and experienced diplomatist of much longer standing.—Lord CREWE and the Duchess of ARGYLL were added on Thursday to the long list of deaths for which this Christmas has been responsible.

#### BY ARRANGEMENT.

IT is not necessary to look upon the Parish Councils Bill as a desirable experiment, or even a disagreeable necessity, in order to understand the conduct of the Unionist leaders in accepting the Government compromise offered them at the beginning of this week. From certain partial points of view it may, indeed, seem that a very good chance is being given up for a very small certainty. But this is, perhaps, to undervalue the certainty and to overvalue the chance. We doubt, indeed, whether the Lords will be justified in letting the Bill through without redressing the effect of Mr. FOWLER's breach of faith in the matter of the COBB amendment, and putting the Church at least on equal terms with the sects; but it is clearly not

within the power of the Opposition leaders in the Lower House to bind the Upper, and the liberty of this latter has been, it is said, expressly safeguarded in the understanding. Meanwhile, the safest and most exact computation of the actual value of the respective concessions may be obtained, not by looking at the cries of "Tory Retreat!" on one side, and "Government Surrender!" on the other, but by considering the arguments used by both sides to induce their own extremists to accept the arrangement. And it will be found that Gladstonian arguers are to all appearance in much the greater flurry and flutter to explain to their own side what has been gained, and to dissuade that side from devoting uncomfortable attention to what has been given up. To us it seems that an argument which may well have weighed with Mr. BALFOUR was the extreme awkwardness of "stone-walling" a measure which both sides had originally agreed to regard as non-contentious, when the other side, abandoning the COBB-and-CONYBEARE attitude of provocation, returned to that of peace and compromise. And the Government have certainly cause to be thankful for the vacancy at Horncastle. It is, we believe, a widely spread idea among modern politicians that you cannot do anything more unpopular with the actual electorate than to refuse to give somebody a vote for something. Perhaps it is so, perhaps not; but the practical inference from the belief that it is so is obvious.

The only serious argument that we know, on the other hand, is this—that, if the electors have any intelligence at all, it would be impossible for a Government to damage itself more with them than by forcing yet another huge and complicated measure through the Commons without discussion on large parts of it, and in the teeth of a considerable majority of the Lower House, putting aside those members who, according to the opinion of the best authorities in the Gladstonian party, from its aged chief to its youthful candidate for Horncastle, ought to have nothing to do with English measures. Certainly this *ought* to damage a Government considerably; whether it would is, perhaps, a matter for difference of opinion. Meanwhile the Government have undoubtedly received something of a respite, in consequence of their own prudent abandonment of the policy of exasperation to the uttermost in order to please their own ultras. The attitude to which the Unionist leaders (unfortunately, as we think) stood committed by their own former words and actions has made this possible here; but it is not superfluous to observe that no similar advantage will be at their disposal in regard to others of their measures. It is impossible, for instance, to imagine a better invented, if not true, story than that of the rage of Young Wales at the reported remarks of Mr. TORR on his own view of Disestablishment and Disendowment. Mr. TORR wishes for Disendowment, but the proceeds are only to be employed for religious purposes. By what means this hopeful politician intends to carry out his scheme we do not know; but it is perfectly clear that by no possible scheme could he avoid blighting the hopes of the Liberalionists pure and simple, and inflicting cruel wounds on those Welshmen who simply hate the "Lloegrian Church" with a frantic and unceasing hatred. The spoil would have to be partitioned somehow; the hated Church could not be done out of the larger part of it; the State control of Church endowment would be closer and more strict than ever, and, worst of all, it would become practically impossible for Nonconformists to avoid that religious census which they hate, if possible, more than they hate the Church herself. To the Welsh farmer who is a Nonconformist it is notorious that the spoils of the Church have been held out as an almost inexhaustible fund, not merely for putting into his

pocket the tithes his landlord pays, but for the County Councils to use in lightening the rates. One can imagine the wrath and alarm of the EVANSES and ELLISES and GEORGES at the idea of disappointment on this head. It is probably as much as their seats are worth; and what are they worth themselves without their seats?

Nor is this an unfair sample of the difficulties which await Ministers on the Scotch Disestablishment question, on the Local Veto Bill, and on many other points, to say nothing of the nightmare of Home Rule which still broods over them.

#### LAWLESSNESS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE outbreak of lawlessness which is visible in so many parts of the Continent is certainly a very ugly spectacle. And we are not sure that the most noisy of incidents are intrinsically the worst. It is obvious enough that Anarchists who throw bombs and threaten to throw more are a pest. Yet it may be doubted whether their crimes constitute quite such an ominous sign as the acquittal of the seventeen prisoners who have just been on their trial at Angoulême for the Aigues Mortes riots of last August. As long as those who are bound to assist in carrying out the law do their duty, it will always be possible to crush the most determined and pertinacious enemies of order. But if there is a failure of courage and good sense among them, then "the game of law and order" is made exceedingly difficult to play. We do not say that "it is up," because there always remains the resource of martial law. The civilian who is too silly or too cowardly to defend himself is the very man to run behind the soldier when the danger becomes really pressing. But the appeal to martial law, which is a mere figurative expression for the suspension of all law and the substitution for it of the will of the officer in command on the spot, is in itself a confession of defeat. It always appeared probable to us that the amazing weakness of French juries would one day and in some moment of real danger make martial law indispensable.

The verdict given at Angoulême certainly does not make this prospect a whit the less probable. This particular verdict differs from the shameful finding of the Parisian jury which gave RAVACHOL the benefit of extenuating circumstances. It is not the result of mere fear, but of national hatred. On that point there does not appear to be the least doubt. But, though the motive was not the same, the Angoulême jury has equally given its verdict against the weight of the evidence. It was not made clear what exact share each of the seventeen prisoners—one of whom, by the way, was an Italian—had in the riots; but that they took part in a series of outrages of the utmost brutality was fully proved. Yet the jury has absolutely acquitted them all—the Italian, we presume, owing his escape to the fact that some remnant of shame did survive in the minds of the jurymen. They were not prepared to go the length of condemning the foreigner on the evidence on which they would not condemn their countrymen. The story, as told in the Assize Court, shows that the Italians were not wholly innocent. It seems to be proved that the riot began by an attack made by some of the Cevenol workmen on two or three Italians who were washing their trousers in the drinking-water provided for the French. The Italians took to their knives, and eight or nine Frenchmen were stabbed—mostly, as it seems, in the back. Some of the rioters were arrested by the gendarmes, and rescued by their countrymen. Hereupon the French workmen collected in a body, and fell upon the Italians, of whom forty-five were killed or

wounded. The evidence given at the trial goes to show that the rioters displayed a ferocity worthy of Matabele engaged in washing their spears in Mashonas. The witnesses from Aigues Mortes asserted that these crimes were committed by strangers from the Cevennes; and though some allowance must be made for their local patriotism, they are probably in the main right. All the labourers' work in the Salt Pans of the Camargue which is not done by Italians falls to men from the Cevennes, who come down for the salt harvest. These Cevenols are probably not much above the level of the Zulus, and under the influence of passion would behave in very much the same way. Some of the local clergy and the gendarmes exerted themselves to stop the riot, and did save some of the Italians, who would otherwise have been massacred. The gendarmes, we observe, used their firearms very reluctantly, and the result illustrates for the thousandth time the folly of paltering with riot. It may be confidently asserted that nothing of this kind could have taken place south of the Pyrenees. The first attempt to overpower the Spanish Guardia Civil would have been cut short with a volley of bullets, to the great ultimate saving of life, and that with the most impartial disregard to the trumpery detail of the nationality of the assailant.

The conduct of the French Government throughout has been, in the diplomatic phrase, correct. Its officials on the spot did their duty firmly, though not, in our opinion, with that severity which is in the long run humane. The venue of the trial was moved from Aigues Mortes to Angoulême, where it was hoped that there would be no local prejudice to influence the jury. This calculation has turned out to be wholly unfounded, and the Angoulême jury has acquitted the rioters, for no visible reason except that their victims were Italians. The effect of this verdict on the relations of the two countries must be obvious. It is idle for the French to expect that the Italians will be content with efforts to do them justice which come to nothing, and expressions of regret which are mere wind. It has been shown that, when Italians are attacked and murdered by Frenchmen, a French jury will acquit the offenders on the ground that the victim was a foreigner. In this case there is, of course, no security for the life of any Italian who comes to work in France. The polite expressions of regret which may be heard from the more sober portion of the French press must be set off by the rabid abuse of the rest, which has all along urged the jury to acquit men whose only offence was that they had attacked foreign workmen. But the example must in the long run prove exceedingly injurious to the French themselves. Their juries have at all times been too much addicted to giving their verdicts under the influence of anything rather than the evidence. Sentiment, fear, patriotism, have all more weight with them than their plain and obvious duty. A body of which this can be said is manifestly a thoroughly untrustworthy part of the judicial machinery of the country.

At this moment the weakness of French juries is a very serious consideration. The Government is engaged in a fight with a very dangerous body of fanatical enemies, and cannot possibly use its power effectually against them if it is to be hampered at every turn by the failure of the juries. Such measures as the simultaneous and wholesale domiciliary visits, carried out rather oddly on New Year's Day, are in themselves mere useless demonstrations, if they are not to be followed by the Courts. It is not in any case very obvious what end the Government hoped to gain by the somewhat theatrical display of its organized power last Monday. There is a possibility that it acted on some information which it has not chosen to make public. But, to judge from what is known, the two thousand and odd raids executed on the Anarchists have been

barren of result. We do not suppose that the French people will, as an indignant Socialist journalist put it, be outraged by this disturbance of its holiday. The French people is much more likely to be pleased by hearing that effectual measures have been taken to lay by the heels a mob of criminals who exist for the purpose of disturbing it on workday or holiday alike. But the question just now is, whether the police visits of Monday have forwarded that consummation materially. We do not as yet see any evidence that they have. What we do see is, that all the manœuvres which were practised to secure, and did to some extent secure, the acquittal of RAVACHOL, are being put openly in practice on behalf of VAILLANT. The names of the jury have been published, and the papers are busy telling them that they are marked men. One of the ROTHSCHILD family is on the list of the thirty-six from whom the actual jury will be chosen, and already French papers—not all of them of the gutter order either—are clamouring that a Jew and a capitalist ought not to be allowed to sit in judgment on a Frenchman and an enemy of capital. VAILLANT's mistress and her little girl are being interviewed profusely, with a view to getting up the usual sentimental emotions which are so unfailingly useful to the French barrister. It will not be surprising if VAILLANT escapes as RAVACHOL did on his first trial. In that case reasonable Frenchmen will be more inclined than they are already to envy the state of their Spanish neighbours. At Barcelona the Anarchists have been claimed by the military Court and handed over to it—to their obvious disgust. The indifference of that tribunal to sentiment and the rapidity of its proceedings are known.

#### THE HOMING OF CATS.

THERE are contradictory elements in the character of the cat. No animal is more independent, and, if we may "speak freely concerning cats," like MONTAIGNE, no animal is more capricious in its choice of a home than a cat. Yet none is more remarkable for its power of finding its way back from great distances than a cat is if it pleases so to do. As Mr. ROMANES says, the psychology of the cat unsubdued by civilization fits it for a ROBINSON-CRUSOE-like existence in woods. A dog lost in a wood howls all night and disturbs a whole county. A cat, instead of using her "homing instinct," makes herself at home with rabbits, pheasants, and small birds. Again, the cat in towns sometimes deserts his home in dudgeon at some perhaps imagined insult, and abandons himself to a life conducted entirely on apologetic principles. Everyone knows that a perfectly comfortable, well-fed cat will occasionally come to his house and settle there, deserting a family by whom it is lamented, and to whom if it chose it could find its way back with ease. This conduct is a mystery which may lead us to infer that cats form a great secret society, and that he who was "King of Cats" was really Grand Master, an ARAMIS of cats. Doubtless they come and go in pursuance of some secret policy connected with the education of cats, or perhaps with witchcraft. Otherwise, why should a creature which does not know the manacles of space leave one home for a strange residence? We have known a cat desert a house for years; once in six months he would return and look about him with an air of some contempt. "Such," he seemed to say, "were my humble beginnings." He went on no offence given, and in about three years he came back for good, his mission elsewhere having probably been accomplished.

That a cat can come home in the face of most incredible difficulties is perfectly certain. Thus, to take a recent instance, a cat was carried from a town on the

North-east coast of Fife to a country-house near Perth. It went in a basket by train to Leuchars, where it changed for Dundee, and at Dundee changed for Perth. Next day, about seven in the morning, this cat was observed to run down the avenue of its new home with a purposeful air. On the third day it appeared at its old home. Now, how did that cat achieve its journey? Did it take a bee-line across country, and, if so, how did it know its direction? Or did it run to Dundee, cross Tay Bridge (the railway bridge), and so along the line to Leuchars, negotiating the Eden at Guard Bridge? We can hardly suppose that it swam the Tay. Or did it go round by the head of Loch Tay, a long rough journey by the Killin, where a cat might meet many dangers and temptations. The perils of a cat on the road are innumerable. Every collie dog chases it, every gamekeeper has a gun for it, every boy is ready with a stone. Indeed, we never see a cat on its travels; no doubt it runs by night. There is the hypothesis that the cat came by train, changing at Dundee, and achieving the difficult manoeuvre at Leuchars, wherein many men have failed, going back to Dundee, or getting to Cupar, though not one of them was like him "that will to Cupar." This method of transit, which needs agile acuteness of reason in a man, may not be beyond the powers and intelligence of a cat. But all conceivable ways, from the bee-line across country and over rivers to the course round Loch Tay, are full of perplexities. That the cat simply rode on a broomstick behind a witch is an hypothesis which brings us into unfriendly contact with modern ideas of progress. Somehow the thing was done, and done in forty-eight hours. A dog spoken of by Mr. ROMANES ran from Vienna to Mentone, but died of fatigue. The cat was as well and sound as usual. We may speak of instinct and inherited aptitude; but to find its old home is of no use to a cat in the struggle for existence. Cats, much more than dogs, are independent of a home. They can take to the heather, the forest, or the back green. Thus the cats which fortuitously developed the power of "homing" would be no better off than other cats, and not more fitted to survive and bequeath their accomplishment to their progeny.

In face of these facts our boasted science is dumb. We know little about cats, but cats know a great deal about us. Faculties of this kind made the cat a mysterious power in the middle ages. He was roasted alive that his unknown protector might come and rescue him by uttering words of prophecy. This very fact proves the existence of a feline secret society which nobody studies, for we are all apt to neglect the facts which underlie and inspire the truths which are called superstitions. Cats have very probably "an underground railway."

#### CAPTAIN WILSON AND MR. RHODES.

**A**T last, on Thursday morning, although still no positive information had arrived about Captain WILSON's party, there was published, in a straightforward form, the statement that "all but seven had 'perished.' It could surprise nobody, and must have been anticipated, with a faint loophole of hope, from the very moment when the first news of the rising of the Shangani reached this country weeks ago. It was known that the party, though consisting of picked men, was but a couple of score strong at most, and was very ill provided with ammunition; while, even if the troopers had been much more numerous and better armed, they would have stood a bad chance. Major FORBES's main body, furnished though it was with the celebrated Maxims, had, in plain language, to run for its life before the Matabele. And it may be remembered that on the original pioneer expedition, strong

as it was, Mr. SELOUS himself admitted that LOBENGULA, if he had chosen to attack anywhere in the bush, could probably have made mincemeat of the whole.

Of course the loss, even if the worst that is feared is true, is but trifling as a matter of war account. But it is significant as showing that the Matabele have had enough of coming to be killed in a manner which Mrs. BOND's own ducks could hardly have bettered. Heavily as they may have lost, and broken as the spirit of the great Indunas may be, it can scarcely be doubted that, especially if they have been encouraged by this success, they have numbers enough and courage enough to make bushwhacking for them an exceedingly costly operation, and the division of their land and herds a decidedly dangerous and tedious process. It seems, therefore, absolutely necessary that the Government should interfere to prevent war to the tomahawk, should insist on a sufficient reservation being made at once, and should see that there is no risk of the repetition with the warlike Matabele of even the somewhat high-handed proceedings which have resulted from actual intermixture of the white settlers with the peaceful Mashonas. It is probably true that, especially since the operation of that obliging check positive, the Maxim gun, there is much more of Matabealand than the Matabele require. But the protectors of the "aborigin" will find unexpected supporters among Englishmen if the barely defensible invasion of LOBENGULA's country is followed up by a deliberate course of killing and taking possession.

It is necessary to speak thus plainly because the language which Mr. CECIL RHODES has begun to hold, not merely at the front, where a little vapouring was permissible, but at Cape Town, is, though veiled by a sort of afterthought about "constitutional grounds," of a very questionable character, to say nothing more. When Mr. RHODES talks about "those who have shed their blood [shed the Matabele blood would be more accurate] in the conquest of the country," he is either talking buncombe or advancing a doctrine which cannot for a moment be listened to. For it would mean, with hardly any need of extension, a sanction of filibustering than which the late lamented Mr. WALKER could wish nothing more liberal, and which must make his bones stir, half in joy and half in warning, at Truxillo. The Matabele war was authorized by the Home Government, and undertaken by the Chartered Company, as a war, in the main, of self-defence, and at most of precaution against future danger. It was not authorized as a war of conquest at all; and though it was, of course, inevitable that the vanquished should, as usual, pay for their defeat, language which would be adequate if the Company's volunteers had shed their blood in direct defence of their own homesteads is utterly out of place. Further, when Mr. RHODES talks about "the South African ideal," he is entering on ground which may be constitutional, but which is very dangerous ground indeed. If South African ideals are the same as the ideals of the British Empire in South Africa, well and good; but in that case there will be no necessity for Mr. RHODES to trouble himself about them, for there is no doubt about their being respected. If they are anything else, then it is just as well that Englishmen at home should rub their eyes and wake up to the situation. At the present moment Mr. RHODES seems to be very much in the mood to think himself CORTES, PIZARRO, and GEORGE WASHINGTON rolled into one, and no doubt he would compound for the loss of Captain WILSON's party as only a very mild version of the *noche triste*. But he must not mix up his models too much; and, above all, he should remember that there were two PIZARROS, and that if the fate of FRANCISCO, the conqueror, was not altogether fortunate, that of GONZALO, the rebel, was still less so.

## PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-STUDIES.

**A**CTORS, we believe, are a very good-natured sort of folk, as well disposed towards each other as any other Christian; but it may be that the temporary indisposition of the first leading lady or gentleman is sometimes viewed with only a chastened grief by the performer who stands next in succession to the vacant sock or buskin. Occasionally, it is said, there is a disposition on the part of the aspirant to create the vacancy for which he waits. Mr. LENVILLE thought of pinking NICHOLAS NICKLEBY in the TYBALT fencing scene, not dangerously, but so as to lay him aside for a few weeks, in order that he might resume the leading business of which the newcomer had deprived him. MACDUFF usually has his own views of the way in which MACBETH should be acted, and repines under the managerial favouritism and the popular caprice which do not give him his chance. In the political world there is probably something of the same feeling. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is, above all things, anxious that Mr. GLADSTONE should spare himself. It is obvious that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER takes the keenest pleasure in fitting the crown of the absent monarch upon his own head, in giving specimens of the style in which he will lead the House when the inheritance falls to him. His performances have the interest of a rehearsal.

We are not prepared to affirm that Mr. MELLOR takes the same view of the absence of the SPEAKER, still less that he has contributed to it in a manner at all analogous to that which Mr. LENVILLE meditated employing in the case of his too popular rival. Still, he possibly has a certain satisfaction in showing what, if he were Speaker, is the way in which he would speak, if we may use that word in a purely technical sense. It cannot be said that his absence from Sir REGINALD PALGRAVE'S seat during Committee is seriously inconvenient to the House. The chance which placed Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID upon the list of casual Chairmen was a very happy one. Sir JULIAN seems as much a born Chairman of Committees as Mr. PEEL is a born Speaker. The gifts which fit a man for the one place are by no means a qualification for the other. The Speaker must live up to his wig and gown, his Court dress, his train-bearer, and the Mace. Manners go a long way to making the Speaker, or at least to adding the final grace to the more fundamental qualities of mind and character. They are the almost indispensable vehicle of his rulings and rebukes. To a Chairman of Committees manners are not indispensable, and some of the best Chairmen have been almost entirely without them. A certain rough decision and authoritativeness, a good-tempered "not to be trifled with" air, and even badinage and retort, are useful. The Chairman of Committees cannot stand upon his dignity; he is little more than the Chairman of a public meeting, managing a crowd, as crowds need to be managed. Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID, if he were Speaker, could scarcely deal with Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON and Mr. STOREY as Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID dealt with them as a casual Chairman. "The honourable member must not rise till I have done," "it is not to be supposed that the Council would elect a woman to please the honourable member," have a peremptory conclusiveness about them, and the latter a contemptuous reduction to the absurd which would be impossible to the Speaker. Perhaps Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID went a little too far when he ruled, not only Mr. ALPHEUS C. MORTON, but Mr. MELLOR, as cited, it may be inaccurately, by Mr. MORTON, to be in error on a point of order. "The Chairman of Ways and Means," said Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID, "is frequently consulted with regard to amendments, and has often hurriedly to pronounce an opinion without fully examining a

"particular proposal. If he had fully considered this amendment, I am sure he would have decided it as I have." This is pretty cool. Mr. MELLOR's sentiments on finding his twice-expressed opinion thus calmly brushed aside are probably those of Miss SUSAN NIPPER, who, being a permanency, was indignant at being overruled by a temporary. "Temporaries carries 'it all before 'em here, I find."

## SICILY.

**T**HIS message which General MORRA DI LAVRIANO has sent to Signor CRISPI from Sicily is very serious. To say, as he does, that order has been restored, but that powerful reinforcements must be sent to avoid the risk of further bloodshed, is really to confess that the state of the island is "precarious, and not at all permanent." We should at least not feel satisfied as to the condition of Ireland if the general in command were to make a similar report. General MORRA DI LAVRIANO has, in fact, declared that a considerable increase of the army is called for, and the Italian Government is apparently convinced that he is right. The number and the gravity of the agrarian and other outbreaks of the last two weeks, or so, appear to justify the anxiety of the General and his Government. It is only too probable that Sicily is again in what has been its chronic condition during all the later part of its history. For one short period, while it had the good fortune to be administered by Lord W. BENTINCK, it was fairly prosperous and contented. Unfortunately for the island, and not very advantageously to ourselves, after taking it out of the hands of the Neapolitan BOURBONS, we gave it back to that most incompetent family. It then reverted to its old condition, which may be described as the condition of being always on the brink of a Jacquerie. The privilege of belonging to a united Italy, governed on the most improved Parliamentary principles, seems to have done the unlucky island no good, and to-day there are stories of agrarian outbreaks, of refusals to pay taxes, and of murders, exactly as there used to be in the days of King BOMBA.

The cause of this chronic misery and these periodical crises—the immediate and visible cause at least—is manifest. A very poor country and a very ill-managed one is taxed to maintain a costly administration. Why Sicily should be poor, and why the administration should be so bad, are questions which are not so easily answered. We are told that the landed proprietors have scandalously neglected their duties. Nobody has, however, explained what the duties of a Sicilian landed proprietor exactly are. The country is, and for generations has been, administered by Government officials. What the complaint means, as far as it is not a mere formula, is that the landlords live in towns, and not on their estates. But the owners of land in the south of Europe never have lived on their estates, but in the towns. If the Sicilians who own estates, were to take to living upon them, they would probably be carried off by brigands. They prefer the safety of the towns; and as they would not be permitted to maintain troops of armed retainers, they show their prudence by so doing. The "barons of Sicily" may have their faults. Their greatest, we take it, has been that the government of their country was taken out of their hands by Spanish viceroys and Neapolitan BOURBONS; but it is absurd to make a body of gentlemen who have no power, and have had none this many a day, responsible for the actions of a Government over which they have no control.

It is most unfortunate for Italy that this outbreak should have occurred just when there is a necessity both for a reduction of the army, and an increase in

revenue. At such a moment it is doubly inconvenient to learn that more troops are required, and that taxation has apparently gone to its extreme endurable limit in one part of the kingdom. And Sicily only shows the extreme form of an evil which prevails in other parts of Italy. What is wanted is a cheap, simple, and honest administration. What exists is costly, complicated, and at least not of conspicuous probity. The country is overlaid with Government machinery, both national and municipal, and it has added to its burdens by entering into rivalry with the fleets and armies of France, which is very rich, and the German Powers, which are at least growing richer, and are admirably administered. With the recklessness in money matters which, when the State is concerned (for they are abundantly prudent in their private affairs), seems to be common to all the Southern races, the Italians have committed themselves to a scale of expenditure which they ought to have seen would be beyond their resources. Greece is the latest example of what that course ends in; but unless Italy comes to its senses, it will be the next. In the meantime the weight of taxation is heavy, and in a mainly agricultural country must fall on the land. Sicily, which is wholly agricultural, is poor, is essentially barbarous, and is not Italian except in a geographical sense, which ought to be governed by half a dozen "stunt Sahibs" spending most of their time in the saddle, and is administered by a locust swarm of quill-driving officials, which finally hates the Italian of the mainland, is naturally the first to set the example of exploding. We should be greatly surprised to learn that the responsible authorities, from the general commanding in the island to King HUMBERT, have no fear that the fire will spread.

#### OUR NAVAL POSITION.

THROUGH all the comment which has recently and, indeed, for years past been made on the "State of the Navy," or "Our Naval Supremacy," or whatever else may be the title given the correspondence for the time being, there runs an assumption that our naval position is in some way worse than it used to be. Yet we believe that a careful examination of the evidence will lead to an exactly contrary conclusion. In this, as in all questions into which political considerations and all comparisons enter, the historical method is the sound one. Before deciding whether our position has become better or worse, it is well to define clearly what it was in former times. For that purpose it will not be amiss to make a survey in its main lines of our position as it was from the Restoration to the year 1815—that is to say, of the period during which our naval supremacy was fought for and obtained. Having done that we may consider what conditions have changed, and whether it is for the better or the worse as far as we are concerned.

During the hundred and fifty-five years of which we have spoken our position was in the main this—that the whole western coast of Europe from Scandinavia and the Baltic to Spain was either necessary to us, or was, on the whole, hostile, and, being hostile, was both well placed to do us injury and well provided with the means. From Scandinavia and the Baltic we drew the bulk of our naval stores, the masts and spars, the pitch, tar, hemp, and canvas which were indispensable alike to our navy and our merchant shipping. Therefore, the hostility of the Northern Powers was a serious misfortune to us, as depriving us of necessary stores. Then, too, the seagoing navies of Sweden and Denmark were relatively of greater strength than they are to-day. Going south from Scandinavia we come to Holland. The Dutch navy, even when it had fallen from its high estate in the seventeenth century, was in quality the best of our enemies. Its men were seamen and "ropemen," the most stout-hearted and skilful of our rivals. In number of ships and guns it was relatively far stronger than it is now. France was what it is, except during the latter days of Louis XIV. and the Regency of Fleury, when

its navy was neglected. As for Spain, the quality of its navy was very poor, though individual ships were now and then gallantly fought. But its bulk was imposing, and it was geographically well placed to injure us and help the French. The shrewdest blow struck at us during the American War of 1778–1783 was achieved by an allied fleet sailing from a Spanish port—we mean the capture of the Indian convoys by Don Luis de Córdova. Spain could menace us both on the ocean and in the Mediterranean as effectually as France. In America its position in the West Indies, and on the mainland of America, gave it many opportunities of attacking our possessions. Neither must it be forgotten that in the eighteenth century both Holland and Spain were very dependent on France, the first through the ever-present fear of an invasion by land, the second on account of the dynastic connexion which led to the Family Compact. Fear of France kept Holland in a state of unfriendly neutrality during the Seven Years' War; while the part played by Spain is too well known to need defining. Finally, there were constant causes of colonial quarrel between us and Spain and Holland. During the Seven Years' War the Dutch from Java made an attack upon us, in Bengal, at a time when the two countries were at peace. As for Spain, the right of search, the *Asiento* ship, the disputes about Georgia and Florida, the Falkland Islands, and Nootka Sound, are, or ought to be, within the knowledge of everybody.

It may be confidently asserted that all these conditions, other than the intrinsic power of France, have changed for the better. We are no longer dependent on the Baltic for naval stores. Coal we have, and what metal we have not we can draw from a wide variety of markets. Therefore Scandinavia and the Baltic are no longer as necessary to us as they used to be. The Dutch seamen are, no doubt, as brave and skilful as they ever were; but their navy has been hopelessly outstripped by the costly armaments of modern States. Even if the Spanish navy is better in quality than it was, its material force has fallen below the level of the Dutch. Neither Holland nor Spain is any longer dependent on France. No invasion threatens Holland, no dynastic connexion directs the policy of Spain. The colonial causes of quarrel have disappeared. Holland has given up all thought of rivalry. The colonial empire of Spain is a mere memory—and a fragment or two. Other navies have arisen to replace those which have gone; but they belong to Italy, Austria, and Germany—Powers which are less well placed to attack us than Holland and Spain, have no equivalent reason to fall out with us (to put the position as little favourably to ourselves as possible), and are not, either by sympathy or necessity, so likely to act with France.

There remain France and Russia. The first is what it always was, a formidable enemy, and in combination with a strong ally a very formidable enemy. But Russia is a poor substitute for Holland and Spain. Even if the quality of its fleet is allowed to be good, and if its effective is nearer its paper strength than has usually been the case with Russian armies (two pretty bold suppositions, by the way), it is handicapped by its position. The ban of Europe may be a weak barrier to the Dardanelles, but the fact remains that before the Russian fleet can coalesce with the French it must come out of the Baltic and the Black Sea. In other words, it must concentrate at some point on a long route of which we hold the centre, and on which we can always have the incalculable advantage of operating on interior lines.

If we go from political and geographical considerations to those of armament, the changes of modern times seem, on the whole, in our favour. Fleets are now much more dependent on dockyards, and are wholly dependent on coal. The necessity of carrying fuel must always limit the range of a cruise far more than the obligation to carry food and water ever did. This leads directly to the examination of a very common assertion which turns up continually in the course of remarks on our naval position. It is said that we are necessarily at a disadvantage, because while our enemies' policy is one of concentration, ours must be one of dispersion. We have totally failed to attach any rational meaning to this favourite pronouncement. The policy of England, unless she is smitten with folly, must be dictated by the circumstances. An enemy cannot be in two places at once, or act except where he is. If he concentrates he cannot also scatter, and while he is concentrated our obvious policy is to be the same. He can only compel the presence of our ships in distant seas by going to them himself—in other

words, by giving up the effort to concentrate. It may also be pointed out that as long as an enemy is concentrated he cannot hope to bring about that universal stoppage of our trade and food-supply with which we are sometimes threatened. Even if any alliance of enemies were in such superiority of strength at the mouth of the Channel as the French and Spaniards were in the American war, that would not stop the traffic round the north of Ireland, still less round the north of Scotland. No enemy could stop our commerce unless his command of the sea to the north of Ireland and in the German Ocean was complete; but to get that he must divide, and surrender to us the advantage of operating from the centre to the circumference with united forces. The question what would be the consequences of the temporary control by our enemies of, say, the Mediterranean, or of any one trade route, is too large to be discussed as merely subordinate. But we may point out that before people discuss it they would do well to acquire a better knowledge of the formation of the earth, and the relative length of sea routes, than can be obtained by the hasty examination of a map on Mercator's projection.

When, then, our naval position is looked at as a whole, it appears to compare favourably with what it has been at any former time. The central situation, the unbroken coast-line, the access to the ocean uncommanded by any enemy, which were always our advantages, have not been weakened. Of our possible enemies, two have fallen out of the race, and have no longer the same motives, even if they had the power, to take sides against us; the new navies which have arisen are less well placed to hurt us, and are, on the whole, more likely to be our allies than our enemies. Russia, to which France must look to replace the loss of Holland and Spain, is remote, and ill placed for purposes of aggression, while her armaments are necessarily widely divided. The introduction of steam, though increasing the mobility of war fleets within limits (for us, be it remembered, as well as for our enemies), has diminished the range of their action by making them dependent on coal, of which we have an unrivalled command. All these, and all advantages of any kind, may be wasted by folly, of which one form is that attempt to protect everything which ends in protecting nothing. But, granted a reasonable measure of sense and spirit, and even a bare equality of force, we see nothing in our position to disturb the nerves of a moderate-sized rabbit.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE severity of the crisis through which the United States passed last year is well shown by a telegram published by the *Times* on Monday morning. According to it, the number of failures throughout the Union in the year was 15,560, being about 51 per cent. more than in 1892. It is to be recollect that there is no Federal bankruptcy law in the United States, that each State has a bankruptcy system of its own, and in very many the system is exceedingly loose. The number of failures, therefore, gives a very loose idea of the difficulties experienced. It tells us nothing of the immense multitude of compositions and private arrangements. Still, the fact that there were three failures last year for every two the year before is exceedingly significant. The liabilities of all the individuals, firms, and institutions that suspended amounted in round figures to 80½ millions sterling, being nearly four times the similar liabilities of the year before. Here it will again be borne in mind that we have the liabilities only of those who actually had to declare themselves insolvent; we are told nothing of the numerous private arrangements. But the fact that in a single year the number of failures increased by more than one-half and the liabilities by 300 per cent. speaks eloquently. Out of the total number of failures 240 banks suspended payment. No distinction is drawn in the telegram between the National banks, the State banks, and the private banks that had to declare themselves insolvent. It is to be presumed, however, that all are included. At first sight the number appears small when we bear in mind the peculiar banking system of the United States. There are altogether over 3,500 National banks in the Union, and there is a very large number of State banks and private banks. Two hundred and forty out of thousands of institutions is not a large proportion, it must be admitted, and it will appear

smaller when it is borne in mind that, taking the whole of the banks of the United States together, their average capital is only about 50,000*l.* But, on the other hand, we must not overlook the fact that the 240 here mentioned only include the banks that had actually to close their doors. We are told nothing of the multitude of banks that practically failed, though they nominally continued to do business. It will be in the recollection of our readers that in almost every great city in the United States—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and so on—the Clearing House banks, the banks which really hold the banking reserves of the country, all entered into an engagement that they would not insist upon being paid in cash between one another; that, furthermore, they issued Clearing House certificates which were to be accepted by one another in settlement of debt, and that in doing all this they suspended payment, and practically committed what in this country would be held to be an act of bankruptcy. The arrangement lasted for several months. Although, then, only 240 banks, out of the many thousands existing, actually closed their doors, practically every bank had to ask consideration from its customers, to arrange with one another to take acknowledgments of debt instead of payment, and to refuse accommodation to their customers. The best idea of the extreme stringency of the crisis, however, is got from the statistics regarding the difficulties of the railways. The telegram to which we have referred tells us that during the year no fewer than seventy-six railway Companies in the United States had to seek the protection of the Courts and get receivers appointed. The total mileage of these seventy-six railways amounts, in round figures, to about 33,000 miles, or about a quarter of the total railway system of the United States, and the capital of all kinds of the seventy-six railway Companies exceeds 330 millions sterling. From this it will be seen that the railway Companies were more severely pressed than either traders proper or bankers during the crisis. Traders proper were able to get consideration from their customers, because, practically, nearly every trader was in difficulties, and all felt that they must give time to one another or they would all be ruined. Similarly, the banks were able to refuse accommodation to their customers, and to stop paying in cash, because everybody felt that to press the banks would end in universal bankruptcy. But the railway Companies were different. They had borrowed largely from the banks for short terms, and the banks, in their embarrassment, insisted upon being repaid by the railway Companies. To protect themselves, and to prevent a break-up of the systems they controlled, the railway Companies had to turn to the Courts for protection, and thus practically one-fourth of the whole railway system of the United States was declared bankrupt. The remarkable thing is that all this loss and trouble was brought about by the unwise experiment of the Government in bolstering up the value of silver. It was not a crisis brought on by over-trading, or rash Company-mongering, or wild speculation. It was purely a currency crisis caused by Congress. It is to be hoped that the public of our own country, as well as the foreign public, will take the lesson to heart, and will remember in the future how dearly a nation may have to pay for currency experiments by its Government.

Although considerable sums have had to be repaid by the outside market to the Bank of England each day this week, the supply of money has proved much more abundant than was expected, and the rate of interest has fallen rapidly. As a matter of course, the discount rate has likewise declined, and is now only about 1½ per cent. The general impression is, that we shall have a period of some months of very cheap and abundant money. There is still, it is true, a demand for gold for Germany; but, on the other hand, gold always pours into London during the first half of the year, while much of the coin and notes that went out into circulation during the past couple of months will return. The collection of the revenue, it is true, during the next three months will be on an exceptionally large scale; but, for all that, except for a very few weeks, the probability is that the money market will be very easy. It is quite clear that the United States Government will have to borrow; but the impression gains ground that it will borrow at home, and that very little gold will be taken from this country for New York, at all events in the first half of the year.

The India Council on Wednesday again offered for tender 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, but there was not a single application. During the nine

months of the financial year, the sales of the Council's drafts have not quite realized 6½ millions sterling out of about 18½ millions sterling which the Council has to pay in London during the year. We have arrived now at the time when the exports from India ought to become large; but, for all that, there is not much sign yet of any demand for the Council's drafts. It seems clear, therefore, that the Council will have to use the power recently conferred by Parliament, though probably it will not need anything like 10 millions, within the present financial year at all events.

In the *Investors' Review* an attempt has been made this week to excite uneasiness about the Bank of England. There is a certain small foundation for the allegations made in the article. The management of the Bank is not quite what it ought to be, and there is undoubtedly need for a reform. But the article spoils a good case by exaggeration and unwarrantable sensationalism. There is absolutely no ground for asserting that the Bank has lost large amounts, and, of course, there is nothing to justify the statement that it is in a bad way.

The bank dividends so far published are satisfactory. The London and Westminster announces 12 per cent. for the past half-year, against 11 per cent. twelve months ago. The Union of London is to pay 10 per cent., the same as at this time twelve months. The City also pays 10 per cent., the same as twelve months ago; and the National Discount Company declares 12 per cent., the same rate as at this time last year.

The Reconstruction scheme of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad Company proposes to replace the existing Six per Cent. Second Mortgage bonds by Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds, which will have full foreclosure rights, and will be a mortgage upon the whole system of the Company. The existing Seconds are a mortgage only upon the original main stem, and foreclosure is impossible until six coupons in succession have not been paid. To pay off the floating debt and provide for future improvements, the bondholders are asked to subscribe to new Five per Cent. bonds, the same as those replacing the Seconds, in the proportion of twenty-five per cent. of their present holdings. There is much opposition to the scheme both in London and New York—on the ground, first, that the shareholders ought to be assessed; and, secondly, that it is unfair to call upon the bondholders to provide the money for redeeming the floating debt. But it is to be recollect that no means exist for compelling the shareholders to submit to an assessment, and it would be useless to make an assessment which could not be collected. In the second place, the holders of the existing Second Mortgage bonds seem to get a fair equivalent; for, in the first place, they are to get immediate foreclosure rights; and, in the second place, the new bonds, as already said, are to be a mortgage upon the whole system instead of upon only a part. We venture to think, therefore, that the bondholders will act wisely in accepting the proposal.

Business throughout the week has been very quiet upon the Stock Exchange; but there has been a good demand for sound investment securities, especially for those of the first class, such as Consols; and there are signs of more activity before long. There is still, no doubt, a good deal of despondency and some distrust; but for all that, confidence is reviving, and the best observers are more hopeful than they were regarding the immediate outlook. There are good grounds for hoping that trade at home is beginning to improve. In South Africa there is undoubted advance in development, and in Argentina likewise matters are much better now than they were. The crops this year are very large and the landed interest is doing well. The agreement for the settlement of the debt between the Government and the Rothschild Committee has been ratified by Congress, and Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co. have begun negotiations for settling the guarantees given to the railway Companies. If order is maintained and the Government acts fairly, there are good grounds for hoping now that the crisis in Argentina is over, and that a new period of prosperity is setting in.

Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 98½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Indian Sterling Threes closed at 98½, a rise of ½; New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed at 96½, a rise of ¼; Queensland Three and a Halfs closed at 92, a rise of 1¼; New South Wales Three and a Halfs closed at 96½, also a rise of 1¼; and

Victoria Three and a Halfs closed at 93½, a rise of as much as 1¾. While, however, there has been such a steady advance in Home and Colonial Government securities, Home Railway stocks are lower. Great Western closed on Thursday at 151½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; North-Western closed at 162½, a fall of 1¾; Midland closed at 146½, a fall of 1½; and South-Western Undivided closed at 185, a fall of 1. The American market has been very depressed all through the week; but, in spite of the dissatisfaction with the proposed reconstruction of the Erie Company, there is not as much giving way in the market as might have been expected. Thus Erie Ordinary shares closed on Thursday at 13½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of no more than 1. There is the same decline in the Preference shares and in the Second Mortgage Bonds; the latter closed on Thursday at 76. Northern Pacific Preferred closed on Thursday at 17½, a fall for the week of 2½; Atchison shares closed at 11½, a fall of 2½; and Milwaukee closed at 56½, a fall of 3½. In the other departments of the market the movements are not considerable.

#### A VISIT TO AN OPIUM DEN.

**A SECTION** of the Royal Commission on Opium, when that august body was sitting in Calcutta for the purpose of collecting information on a subject about which everything was known by those whom it concerned already, made a "personally conducted" tour of the native quarter one evening during their stay in search of harrowing spectacles and sensational details of "opium-drunkenness." Report has it that they had not much success in their search after some new thing to lay before their colleagues, and, if the author of Ecclesiastes is to be believed, this was not altogether astonishing. Indeed, every one in England who had taken any interest in the subject of the opium traffic in the past knew that everything that could possibly be learnt about it had been already embodied in Blue-books and pamphlets, not to speak of learned treatises, long before the Commission sailed. But nobody reads Blue-books, more's the pity, and very few people learned treatises, while the proper place for a pamphlet has always been considered to be the waste-paper basket, more particularly if its contents are likely to upset the preconceived views of the reader. What the representatives of the Royal Commission actually saw will probably never be known, though those of them whose prejudices were enlisted on that side were doubtless able to draw an effective picture of imaginary vice and depravity for the benefit of their colleagues. What other people would have seen we happen to be in a position to lay before the readers of this *Review*. But, first, it must be premised that there are two kinds of opium used for smoking—namely, *Mudut* and *Chundoo*. We can only give a description of the *Mudut* smoker. About the other kind we are not able to furnish any special information.

The opium den lay in a distant quarter of Calcutta, remote from the aristocratic neighbourhood of Chowringha and The Maidān, which may be taken as equivalent to our Hyde Park. The streets you would pass in getting to the den are grubby and ill-lit, and on either side of them are the low one-storied hovels where the native shopkeeper dwells and exhibits his wares. The den itself lay up a narrow alley, some four feet wide, and totally dark, where it was necessary to walk warily to avoid pitfalls. In this narrow lane were two smoking places, one a small room or hovel, nine feet by three, for Hindoos; the other a somewhat larger room, with two offshoots—"wings" would be too ambitious a term—for Mohammedans. It was quite impossible to stand upright in either. They were ill-lit, and probably not ventilated, save by the doorway, at all. In the first some four or five Hindoos were to be seen. Two were lying down, the other three "squatted." One was smoking tobacco, the others opium—*Mudut*. The proprietor stood in the doorway, looking after his business. There was a shop, in which opium could be bought, a few doors lower down. The men were all civil, and even communicative. The proprietor spoke English of a kind. The smokers lay and squatted upon matting spread upon the floor of beaten earth along the walls of the room. They were very placid, apparently tolerably happy, and not in the least disgusting. They did not appear to resent being visited in an uncere monious manner by strangers, but smoked on contentedly,

and one could not help thinking, with a certain feeling of wonder, what would be the probable fate of any well-dressed Englishman who strolled, alone, into a corresponding low public-house at night in the Docks or the East End to gratify his curiosity as to "the degraded victims of the national vice of alcoholism, with a view to putting an end to the iniquitous system of raising revenue from the sale of spirits and prohibiting altogether the sale of intoxicating liquors." One can picture the scene. An atmosphere of stale spirits, oaths, and brutality. The visitor from the West End, in all the insolence of watch-chain and signet ring, not to mention the probability of spare cash, would have small chance of escaping scot free from his voyage of discovery unless he came guarded by constables and a police inspector. The subjects of his investigations would begin with oaths and curses, and he would be lucky if they did not follow them up by breaking his head and looting his portable property, if not by consigning his body to the river, wherein, we are told, dead men tell no tales. The contrast between this and the opium-smoker placidly enjoying his pipe, quite civil, and neither bestial nor brutal, might well be a humbling reflection for the opponents of the drug in England, and we can hardly be surprised that the advent of the Royal Commission was met with the cry, "Physician, heal thyself," from the length and breadth of India.

The second den was on a slightly more ambitious scale in regard to size, but otherwise it did not differ much from the first. It lay in a second and even narrower alley turning out of the first, and there were, perhaps, forty men in it. The men were all Mohammedans, but the general appearance was the same. The same quiet, the same contentment, the same absence of anything horrible or revolting, the same terrible contrast to that scene in a gin-shop which would correspond to it in England. Only the thought would force itself upon one, "What would happen if these men took to alcohol?" and will they take to alcohol if they are deprived of opium?" and the picture which the thought called up was too ghastly to dwell upon. No doubt if the cultivation of the poppy, save for medicinal purposes, were stopped, and the revenue from it sacrificed, the English exporter of cheap and poisonous spirits might gain by the transaction, unless the native preferred to resort to *Bhang* and *Ganja* and products of his own manufacture. But consider the price that would be paid in the demoralization that must ensue; for if the sale of opium is prohibited and smuggling is rendered impossible, supposing that could be done, a substitute will be found by the native, and there is grave fear that that substitute will be cheap European spirits. It is useless to legislate for an imaginary Utopia. We must do the best we can with the conditions before us. Every nation in the world has its own particular favourite indulgence, usually the one which, on the whole, harms it least. Take away that indulgence, and the nation falls back upon another, and you cannot take up a policy of universal prohibition.

The opponents of opium who are unable to see any argument that goes against their tenets, and whose very eyes are blinded where the drug is concerned, considered the opium den, no doubt, a shocking and a disgusting spectacle. That half a dozen men should be gathered together evening after evening in the vitiated atmosphere of a small room, not much larger than a good-sized dog-kennel, seemed to them very terrible. But this is rather an appeal for ventilation than against opium, and really the Government of India has something else to do besides examining the purely architectural objections which may be raised against opium dens by Royal Commissioners. With the rupee at 1s. 3d., they can hardly be expected to build a spacious public hall for the use of smokers, and if they did the smokers would not use it, and the Anti-Opium Society would protest. The smokers prefer to be where they are. What we despise as "dens" are, after all, precisely the same as the houses in which they live and sleep, neither more crowded nor worse ventilated. The architectural objection, in fact, is too fatuous for serious consideration, and betrays a total unacquaintance with ordinary life in the *Bazar*, and with the dwelling-house of the lower class of Hindoo—an ignorance only on a par with the ignorance which is at the root of the whole opium agitation. De Quincey is largely responsible for that agitation, and nobody reads the words in which De Quincey recanted his attack upon the drug. In fact, nobody ever does read a recantation, and that is why an

accusation, once publicly made, can never be expunged from the public mind. For every one will read the accusation. No one will see the withdrawal. But De Quincey confessed that he had been wrong in his description of the effects of opium-eating, and had ascribed to the drug what, in most cases, was due to his own utter disregard of the rules of health. A man who takes no physical exercise whatever will suffer whether he takes opium or not; but the hard-worked "jinrickshaw" Chinaman, who runs many miles along the streets every day dragging a heavy load after him, finds that the drug actually increases his powers of work and endurance. And yet our benevolent philanthropists are particularly anxious that the "jinrickshaw" man of Singapore should be deprived of his opium because, forsooth, his working years, like those of the London cab-horse, seldom exceed seven, and, therefore, opium is inimical to life! Can one imagine a more exquisite instance of *non-sequitur*? The obvious answer is, that opium is proved to increase his powers of work 50 per cent., that without it he could not pull his rickshaw at all without overstraining himself, and dying more probably in seven weeks than in seven years. If the humanitarian says, "Very well, I would not allow any one to pull a 'rickshaw,'" one can only answer, "By all means. Then the men, having no work, will starve." And that is the usual end of all socialistic and humanitarian reform.

#### THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(First Notice.)

THIS is the twenty-fifth year in which the Council of the Royal Academy has contrived to gather together at Burlington House the treasures of the nation in old masters and deceased modern painters. When we consider the wide scope of plastic art, as it is now understood, and the care which has been bestowed of late on the purchase of rare and curious examples of every school, it is not perhaps so very extraordinary, as it is commonly represented as being, that such an exhibition can be successfully formed year after year. Yet the demi-jubilee of these collections may fairly be greeted with a special word of congratulation.

On no previous occasion, however, so far as we remember, has the show been composed of such ill-assorted fragments. We do not grumble at this, nor deny that it has its advantages; but we conceive that it shows a certain exhaustion of the rank and file of masterpieces. We have here one room of Blakes and another of Stothards, one of early Italian masters and another of Petties, one of Dutch cabinet-pieces and another of modern English pictures. To pass and repass through these works has a distracting, if not a positively bewildering, effect. The only way, therefore, in which it appears to us that we can helpfully offer any general notes about the Exhibition is to take separate portions of it for isolated and successive remark, each without relation to the others. In Room No. 4, then, we find between forty and fifty canvases which, with the exception of half a dozen old Flemish works, are attributed to Italian masters of the early schools. If these pictures had been shown at Burlington House in 1869, criticism would have had a much easier task in dealing with them than it now has. In those days, although but a single generation ago, it would have been natural to dwell on the colour, on the story, or on the sentiment of these curious and often charming productions. Twenty-five years ago, with but few exceptions, the attributions of such paintings were taken unchallenged; if an obviously German picture were sent in under the name of Bellini, a reviewer of experience might be bold enough to raise an objection. But now the habit of questioning attributions has been pushed to so extravagant a pitch, the experts are so numerous, so noisy, and so completely in disagreement, that a plain connoisseur may well be afraid to give an opinion. In the place of honour in Room 4 hangs the Queen's famous composition of the "First Dukes of Urbino, Federigo and Guido Baldi" (161). This has always been attributed to Melozzo da Forli, and has always been greatly admired. It needs no great acumen, however, to see that the surface-painting is muddy and unlovely, and now certain experts come forward and say that Melozzo never touched it. On each side of it hang Mr. Mond's Botticellis, the two "San Zenobio's" (158, 164). Gay in colour, elegant and facile in composition, these paintings appear to some of those who direct public taste with authority to be

delicious examples of the narrative-painting of Botticelli, finished towards the close of his career perhaps, but indubitably his; they point to the lucid and forcible arrangement of the figures, to the morbid and delicate grace. Others, again, indicate the clumsy draperies, the absence of nature-study, the uniform and empty touch, as proofs that no painter of renown can have produced them, and scornfully reject the attribution.

This darkening of counsel makes the criticism of these old Italian pictures an unsatisfactory, and even dismal, thing. Did anybody ever paint anything? we feel inclined to ask, and we shrink from commenting with enthusiasm on Mantegnas and Crivellis which half a dozen experts may suddenly declare were painted by six distinct artists. Yet some of these little works are too delightful to pass by, and we care not whether Filippino Lippo did or did not paint the "Tobit and the Angel" (153); it is an enchanting piece of almost fairy-like fancy and colour. The "Christ" (150) lent by Mr. Butler, as a Cima da Conegliano, a figure of great nobility in a luminous crimson robe; the "St. Jerome" (145) of Gian Bellini, with its queer little central white rabbit; and two dim and decorative Pacchiarottos (159, 160) are of very genuine interest. In the dry and umber-coloured specimens of Catena (148, 151) here exhibited we discover an odd talent, but little of the beauty characteristic of this painter's famous "St. Jerome" of the National Gallery. We pass from these fascinating archaic specimens with the hope that the horrors of expert evidence may soon pass from mere chaos to something on the unquestioned truth of which we may all depend.

At least we are still permitted to believe that Thomas Stothard painted most of the works of Stothard, Thomas. This graceful and refined draughtsman has never been seen to so great advantage as in this collection of over one hundred of his productions. We have known him long as a designer of lucid, domestic, and gentle compositions, admirably characteristic of the idyllic taste of his day. The Muse of Stothard wears a short-waisted frock, with a pleated skirt clinging in close folds about it, her wayward curls captured in a neat white cap. Even when she is dressed for the evening, in a low-necked gown with a sacque back, she wears her little cap like a badge. No cap, no Stothard; and when we think of his art we remember these prim compositions, smelling of starch and lavender.

But Stothard was not merely a designer. He was a popular national painter in times of war, and he had to bend his brush to the service of Mars. He had to design the "Wellington Shield" (10, 33), and a half-hearted affair it is, in spite of the infinite pains he took with it and the ingenuity both of subject and detail. He had to paint "The Children of Tippoo Sahib given up to Lord Cornwallis" (268), and he tried to realize the scene—the sleek brown nymphs in gauze, the flushed and embarrassed warrior, the whirl of entreaty and submission. Why do we laugh at this conscientious effort, and at "The Triumph of Britannia" (251), and at all the other heroic scenes of carnage and pathos? Simply because Stothard had no skill in this kind, because this was a world where his white-capped Muse exercised no magic. Nor was his extraordinarily close and naïve imitation of Titian and Watteau and Holbein more fortunate; the colour that should have been luxurious is hot, the outlines that he meant to be voluptuous are squat and heavy.

But with his less ambitious subjects how happy he is, and how simply he succeeds! He was unrivalled when in his rural and neat-fingered way he could note the incidents of a game on a village-green (4), or youths and maidens playing at oranges and lemons (17), or, with a bolder fancy, Puck whirling round on one toe on a woodland sward (228), or a group of young girls, Graces of Miss Burney's age, seated together on a window-loungue (41). The set of six "Theatrical Characters" (11) displays the skill with which Stothard worked out small full-length portraits; here is Mrs. Jordan coquettishly attired as Priscilla Tomboy in *The Romp*, and Miss Brunton, in *The Orphan*, turns a white tragic face towards the audience. It must always be by his neatly executed and daintily designed water-colour sketches, of which it is alleged that he executed more than five thousand, that Stothard will continue to be most valued and longest remembered. He has the merit of being essentially English, in spite of his strange passion for imitating exotic masters, and it is but right that his art, in its most characteristic forms, should remain dear to the English people. Flaxman, no doubt, was a more powerful and impressive master, a more highly equipped artist; he was a greater

purist, with his Greek ideals. None the less, it is Stothard who remains the main favourite among the designers of that age, and the reason is that he lies the nearest to the English heart.

The Black and White Room is entirely devoted to a collection of twenty-one elaborate illustrations of the Book of Job. These are by William Blake, were executed in 1821, and are lent by the family of the late John Linnell. The designs are familiar, and have been several times engraved; it is none the less interesting to see the originals from Blake's strange, prophetic hand. They give the impression of easy and complete inventiveness, of the vividness of Blake's vision as he read the chapters of the Book. His conceptions are artless and often childish, and we feel that at his less inspired moments he was too easily pleased with his own inventions. Often he sees powerfully, and sometimes with great beauty. But with quaint perverseness—again as of a child—he will crowd together the strong things with the weak. In all these drawings finest porcelain shoulders roughest delft, to the surprise alike of admirer and traducer.

These Job drawings are very representative of their designer, for they well display three marked sides of his manner. Job and his friends appear as shapeless, large-headed lumps, running much to beard and flowing robe; they crouch on the ground, and their long hair falls forward over their faces; these figures, to be plain, are Blake's facile failures. Then, in the same compositions, will be found beautiful rows of aerial angelic forms, slim of body and alert of expression, complete in their congregated lines of beauty. Thirdly, there is Satan, powerfully recurrent, a master-study of fine drawing and of athletic subtlety, the embodiment of strength, cunning, and activity. We do not know how a visitor to this collection of Blake's drawings can learn more of this mad master's technique than by working out these three interwoven threads of mannerism.

#### THE CAP THAT DID NOT FIT.

**I**N this country, as in America, there are thousands upon thousands of girls who, rather than be domestic servants, spend their days in a "fifth-floor back" clicking at a sewing machine or type-writer, from early morning until late at night, or going out to do work that is more laborious still for wages that are scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. Ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, they cherish their independence—an independence which can exist only in name. Why domestic service is thus tabooed is a problem that has exercised the minds of many, and among others that of Miss Elizabeth Banks, journalist. She seems to think that one of the chief reasons is dislike of such "badges of servitude" as caps and aprons, and a desire to keep up the right to be called "lady." If Miss Banks knew as much about servants as she does about working girls in Camberwell, she would be aware that every servant is either a "lady" or a "gentleman" in the world of servanthood and below it—nay, that there is no occupation so humble as to preclude the men and women who follow it from bearing the appellation of gentlefolks. "Who swept the chimneys?" asked a rector's wife in Cheshire of her servants after an absence. "A gentleman from Ely, ma'am," was the answer. We wonder whether he swept them more happily for knowing that his rank was assured. In another house a servant once came and said, "If you please, ma'am, if you happen to hear a gentleman's voice in the kitchen to-night about nine, it will be my brother's"; and in the same house (it was a London one) a housemaid—a rather common-looking housemaid too—came to her mistress at Christmastime, and said shyly: "Would you mind looking at what the young man I am engaged to has given me, ma'am?" It was a rather pretty gold watch. "What a very nice useful thing to give you!" said the mistress, "and it is gold too! Even a silver watch would have been a handsome present." "He said he did not like to see a lady wearing a silver watch!" said the girl. She married him afterwards—servants so rarely marry the men to whom they are engaged that women who dislike losing good cooks or housemaids by marriage would do well only to hire such as are engaged.

The advertisement that Miss Banks, taking a hint perhaps from Mr. Hamilton Aide's novel, put in the paper

would have "warned off" most mistresses, but she obtained a situation as housemaid, and this experiment might perhaps have revealed the reason why service is eschewed had she been competent to make it—i.e., well acquainted with servants' work and how to do it, and acquainted also with what a just mistress has a right to expect. Miss Banks provided herself with one print dress to work in, and one black serge for afternoon wear, three linen aprons, and three fine muslin ones, " prettily trimmed with embroidery and with ruffled epaulets which were a joy to behold," cuffs, collars, and caps with long streamers, so her equipment was scanty. Her knowledge of servant's work was scantier still, but she was "thoroughly convinced that dish-washing, sweeping, dusting, making beds, and turning-out rooms could be reduced—or, rather, elevated—to a science," and that, by staying in service as long as one print dress and three working-aprons would keep clean, she would "be able to write a series of articles on 'Housework Made Easy,' and thus benefit womankind in general and servant-girls in particular." This was the rock on which she would have split had she not gone to pieces on so many others. Instead of doing her own work, she was always showing her fellow-servants better ways of doing theirs. She qualified herself for writing "Housework Made Easy" by leaving her housework undone.

"Is this for my breakfast?" she asked, when eighteen-pence was given her. It was her board wages for the day; but when she heard that pepper, salt, mustard, sugar, and vinegar were "to come out of it," she, not knowing the price of these things, was dismayed. She had advertised herself as "thoroughly competent," and had to be taught how to empty a wash-basin and turn down a bed. Socks were given her to darn, and she could not darn them. She was told what she had to do before breakfast, and, having done it, thought her day's work was over. She "scraped off" the candlesticks, or scratched them clean, with a hair-pin. She "thoroughly scraped" silver spoons and forks, too—it is wonderful that she was allowed to handle them twice. She never seems to have suspected her own childish ignorance. Most mistresses could on occasion wait at table—they must know what they so often have to teach. Miss Banks has a house and servants of her own, and yet had to learn how to hand a plate, and thought it wonderful that on her first attempt she broke no dishes and "spilled no gravy."

She used her first Sunday afternoon out in doing what all servants regard as a dishonourable action. She went to a lady who had written to ask her to call at six o'clock on Sunday about the parlour-maid's place—who ever heard of Sunday being chosen for such an appointment!—and though she had neither given up nor been dismissed from the situation which she already held, she engaged to go to a new one on the following Thursday, and did go—having provoked her dismissal, and refused to stay beyond that day.

She had time to distinguish herself further before she left. She had been told to scrub bedrooms when she cleaned them, but as she cleaned them first and did not attempt to scrub them until their occupants were dressing for dinner, she was naturally told to leave it undone.

On the day before her departure she was ordered to scrub the drawing room, and not knowing how, "followed her own ideas on the subject," ideas which will doubtless be given to the world in her forthcoming "Housework Made Easy." "In scrubbing that drawing-room I kept two ideas in my mind—first, to ward off housemaid's knee; second, to keep my costume out of the wet. So, pinning up my frock, I took the brush, and assumed a squatting position, hopping about from place to place. I scrubbed a square yard at a time, then rinsed in clean water, and dried it, congratulating myself the while that I was something of a Columbus in my way." Do what Miss Banks might, she was always pleased with herself; but her mistress passed by, stopped short in amazement, and told her that any servant with half a grain of sense would know how to scrub, and that she had not even got general intelligence. Miss Banks was ten days in that place. It is wonderful that she was allowed to stay so long. Her ignorance of gentlefolks' ways is as great as her ignorance of servants' work. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." How could any human being, upstairs or down, sit in an undusted and unswept room on Sunday? No one wishes servants to "hop about" scrubbing floors on Sunday; but common decency requires that dusting should be done as usual.

This experiment can only have done harm. Miss Banks

was too incompetent to form an opinion, and she has taught at least one mistress not to extend a helping hand to any girl who has seen better days. What she says she has learnt is that, with a reasonable mistress, a servant is better off than any of the sewing or factory girls can be, and that there are as many long suffering mistresses as oppressed servants. What she advocates is that, as "there do not seem to be a sufficient number of husbands to go around in England," girls of "genteel birth" who are poor should qualify themselves for service, but that they should not be employed in the same house as those of an inferior grade. That all servants, whether of "genteel birth" or otherwise, should have chops and steaks, and potatoes and tomatoes, for breakfast. That caps must be left to discretion, and that aprons look nice; but that saying "sir" and "ma'am" must be abandoned. That masters must spend "a few pounds" in putting in lifts from basements to first floors, and fitting bedrooms with hot and cold water pipes, to save carrying water, and hot-air furnaces or gas fires to save carrying coals, and that the mistress must provide a comfortable sitting-room in which friends and "followers" may be received at stated times.

"Stated times!" Can Miss Banks be so ignorant as not to know that these two little words would drive away the very girls whom she wishes to befriend! Girls will do any work at home, however hard and ill-paid, rather than lose the chance of seeing their lovers during the odd half-hours when these lovers are free to see them. It is a feeling with which every woman can sympathize, but it is impossible to let lovers come at all times and all hours. Work has to be done; lovers may not be lovers, but burglars. This world is an imperfect one, and precautions have to be taken and restrictions placed upon the going-out of the girls and the coming-in of the men. So the click of the machine will always be heard, and stitch after stitch will be put in in poverty, hunger, and dirt.

#### MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

THE first day of the New Year saw the opening for traffic of the Manchester Ship Canal, and the virtual completion of one of the largest undertakings of the century. There is to be a formal opening by, if possible, some Royal personage about Easter; but that ceremony will be nothing more than an ornamental one, for the Canal is already in full operation—already a force to be reckoned with by Liverpool and the railways for the trade of a manufacturing district which comprises something like 150 industrial towns, with a population of nearly 8,000,000. Whether the undertaking will ever find a justification in dividends, and become in every way a commercial success, is a question which only the most sanguine promoters have so far—before the measure of the traffic to be diverted to the Canal can possibly be taken—answered in the affirmative. But no misgivings on this score were permitted to fall, like a wet blanket or a good Manchester fog, to damp the enthusiasm of the rejoicing thousands who turned out on Monday to witness the coming of the first ships to the Salford Docks. And, the chances of the Canal paying being not perfectly hopeless, every right-minded man will congratulate the city on its magnificent piece of work, and will wish success to its endeavour to become a seaport, in order that it may profit by the advantages which such a position confers. At the same time we must ask to be pardoned for withholding unqualified praise until we see by the traffic of the first twelve months whether there is any real indication of the Canal being justified by its works. If dogged perseverance in the face of obstacles and difficulties, some of them well nigh insuperable, ever deserved to succeed, there would be not the slightest question on this head. But there are conceivable circumstances in which these qualities do not invariably earn their due reward, and it yet remains true that the vested interests in active opposition to the Canal are numerous and powerful, and the danger is so great as to force them into combined action for their mutual protection.

We have been treated by nearly all the daily papers during this and last week to lengthy accounts of the chief points of moment in the history of the physical features of the Ship Canal, and we have no intention of going all over the same ground again. We have been reminded that the idea of an independent waterway is nearly two centuries

old ; that it has been brought forward time after time to go back again into the limbo of unfulfilled efforts, almost ever since Manchester was Manchester, and had a reputation for its textile productions ; that the scheme now carried to an issue, in fact, is due to the energetic efforts of Mr. Daniel Adamson and a few other gentlemen who formed a Provisional Committee in 1882, and who fought a Parliamentary battle which has no parallel against extraordinarily long odds, and won. All this is common knowledge, and one of the few causes there is for regret is that the actual accomplishments of later men should have shaded into comparative oblivion the untiring efforts of the pioneers, who had to combat not only the railway Companies and the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, but the sneers and the apathy of the great majority of moneyed men in Manchester itself. These pioneers spent 150,000*l.*, subscribed by themselves and by rich and poor sympathizers, in the endeavour to obtain Parliamentary sanction for the project of a Canal, and it is notorious that the whole thing nearly fell through from pure inanition, not once, but several times. It was not until two years had elapsed after the Bills of 1884 and 1885 that a sufficient sum of money was subscribed to enable the terms of the Act to be complied with, and the construction of the Canal to be commenced. It is unfortunately clear now, by the light of experience, that the original calculations of the cost were all at sea, and the capital account stands at present at 15,412,000*l.*, instead of 10,000,000*l.* (2,000,000*l.* being loan), as mentioned ; but if this is a satisfaction to the objectors, it has to be said against them that their fear that the first shareholders would lose their money is not likely to be fulfilled. The actual expenditure to the end of June last was 13,470,221*l.* A few other figures will give some idea of the magnitude of an undertaking which has to be seen to be properly appreciated. The length is 35½ miles ; the average width at water-level is 172 feet, and the minimum width at bottom 120 feet ; while the minimum depth is 26 feet. The area of land purchased along the course of the Canal is 4,520 acres, of which 2,500 acres will be re-sold for the erection of factories, &c., which will find, on the banks, an almost unrivalled situation for their several purposes, while they will eventually add to the revenue by adding to the bulk of the traffic. The fall from water-level at Manchester to the height of the tide rising 14 ft. 2 in. above the Old Dock Sill, at Liverpool, is 60 ft. 6 in., and to provide for this there are locks at Eastham, Latchford, Irlam, Barton, and Mode Wheel. The earth and rock displaced in the excavations are put at 76,000,000 tons, one-fifth only being sandstone rock. The constructive work, again, has included 220,000 cubic yards of masonry ; 175,000 cubic yards of bricklaying, necessitating the employment of about 70,000,000 bricks, and 1,250,000 cubic yards of concrete. In addition, there are to be taken into account such things as railway deviations, the sluices at the mouth of the Weaver and elsewhere, road-bridges at various points, and the stupendous swing-aqueduct, 235 ft long, at Barton.

The proposal of those responsible for the existence of the Canal was to reduce the cost of transit between Manchester and the sea by about one half the existing charges, which are made up of railway or small canal to Liverpool, and transhipment and dock and town dues in that city ; and the maximum schedule of rates was formed on this basis. Since 1885, when the schedule was compiled, the cost of carriage to Liverpool has been in some instances reduced, and the Ship Canal Company has recently issued an amended scale of charges, under which, in the majority of items, the total dues payable are considerably less than half the old dues. Advantages are offered to shipowners in the shape of certain exemptions, during 1894, and if the traffic is equal to expectations, they will probably be extended. If it is not, the ship dues will be imposed, and we may look out for an increase in the Canal charges to an all round level. It has all along been claimed that on oversea voyages freights to Manchester will be no more than to Liverpool, and a number of shipowners before the Parliamentary Committee declared that they could see no reason why they should be more. Some of them instanced the ports on the Humber and on the Clyde to show that there need not necessarily be any addition even for coasting cargoes. Our inquiries go to show that the promises made in this matter are not being kept. Among those who have secured berths at Manchester owners of coasting steamers have been conspicuously numerous, and every one who has done us the favour of quoting for goods for conveyance to other parts

of Great Britain and to the Continent has given a figure ranging from four shillings to nine shillings per ton over that charged by the same line for Liverpool. For cotton "tramps" and other steamers, we are assured by Liverpool men, six shillings per ton additional freight is asked, and we are reminded that there will be further charges for insurance and tonnage in the Canal. But, with all this, there are substantial advantages to be gained by taking commodities right up to Manchester, and if they are not so great as we have been led to suppose, they will still afford sufficient inducement to both importers and shippers to leave Liverpool and the railways alone as far as possible until these bodies can see their way to reduce their terms. Up to the present neither the Mersey Dock Board nor the railways have moved a foot to avert the danger, and it does not seem as if the former will budge an inch until and unless the diversion of traffic forces it to do so. The railway course of action will probably be announced soon, and if we are to believe one gentleman, it will take the form of an attempt to win back patronage by increasing to the maximum the charges from Manchester to the destination of such goods as must be carried by rail, and reducing rates from Liverpool direct. Such an action, if accompanied by a radical revision of the many heavy items which go to swell the cost of commodities carried through Liverpool, would be a serious matter for the Ship Canal, where charges are already about as low as they can be consistently with profitable working. There is a certain source of income from the Bridgewater Canal ; but 60,000*l.* will not go very far with such a dead load of capital as that which weighs the Ship Canal down and threatens to cripple it. The estimates of the traffic that is to pass through the Canal during this year are very arbitrary, and seem to assume the virtual extinction of all opposition—which is not for a moment to be thought of by persons in their sober senses. Most of them, too, are based on data not very trustworthy. If we could but be furnished with the figures of the trade that already passes through, or which might reasonably be expected to pass through Manchester, we might be able to state with some degree of definiteness what would be the net revenue for a year, and would then be spared the fanciful prophecies of the many officious busybodies, whose only qualification for the task of inspiring hope in the breasts of the poor shareholders is a cheerful optimism superior to all dispiriting influences. After all, Manchester cannot hope to run away with all the trade hitherto held by Liverpool, if the railways should—as they undoubtedly will—be equal to the emergency ; and, apart from the coasting lines which retain their head offices in Liverpool and a few cotton-steamers, singularly few vessels have been put upon the berth. In short, neither port will advance much at the expense of the other, and, with all possible sympathy for Manchester and all possible appreciation of the magnificent work it has just inaugurated, we fail to see that it can be a great success until the commerce of that part of the country is considerably augmented. Three-quarters of a million sterling requires a lot of earning under the circumstances. The cant phrase in Manchester now is that there is enough trade for all without any necessity on the part of one body to cut another body's throat. For the sake of old and new interests, let us hope it is. It is growing rapidly, and that is a final consolation.

#### THE THEATRES.

**T**HE finest test of the capacity of our American friends to give us old English comedy was given us when Mr. Augustin Daly—greatly daring, not for the first time—chose to play *The Country Girl*. With the genesis of this play, from the original of Wycherley through the modifications of its various editors, we have nothing to do. Its stage history is a thing of itself, and might and should be made the subject of a serious essay. Therefore, here and now we do not inquire how much is Wycherley, how much Congreve, how much Garrick, and, after all, the most important thing today, how much Daly. The play, as it stands for its fortnight's presentation, is good enough, and more than good enough—a fact of which Miss Ada Rehan has made the fullest use. To take the play as apart from the acting, the character development is beyond praise. In the first act we have the sheer hoyden, who, as the action of the play goes on, begins to perceive that there is gaiety in town.

From that she deduces that men and manners have a particular attraction for her, and in the third act we are told, most eloquently, how well she has learned the lesson of life, and become the resourceful woman of the world. The history of the play is nothing to us here and now. Its English parentage is pretty obvious, and we have no desire to work out its American development. It is enough that Miss Ada Rehan, appreciating the growth of the character of Peggy Thrift under dramatic treatment, has undertaken its representation in the true spirit of old English comedy. In the first act she is simply the awkward girl, with the impulsiveness of boyhood and the shy reserve of the equally awkward girl. The first note of sex is struck at the fall of the curtain on the first act. Sex is all through the second act half concealed, it is true, but with just the half concealment, the shy resentment of absent petticoats, which distinguished and characterized Miss Rehan's performance of Rosalind. Here the dress was ugly and the art was quite obvious enough, while it never should or need be obvious at all. But the third act was perfect, or as nearly perfect as could be wished. The development of the hoyden into the woman was a perfect study of that characterization which does not claim to be called psychology. In addition to the charm with which Miss Rehan ordinarily invests the parts she plays, we have here a character-study of which it would be hard to speak too highly. As the play goes, it is distinctly dull in the first act—always an unappreciated virtue in a first act. But it works steadily to a well-devised climax; and here, with the borrowed passages, Miss Rehan is simply superb in her assumption of the girl who, in spite of her clothes, is never quite a girl. Fine as Miss Rehan's acting is when she assumes boy's clothes, it is nothing to the subtlety and variety of her acting in the scenes where she fools her guardian or would-be husband with the letter trick. The highest compliment we can pay her acting in these later scenes is to say that her rendering of the epilogue in its clearness, simplicity, and grace eclipsed all else. The Moody of Mr. William Farren was played in the spirit which Mr. Farren always brings to bear on the parts within his acknowledged range. It is one of the best things he has ever done, taking it all round, and it is open to doubt if he has ever done anything better than the fiery, bitter passion of Moody's final exit. Of the other performers it is kinder to say nothing.

## REVIEWS.

### ALONE AMONG THE HAIRY AINU.\*

**M**R. A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR is "the only foreigner who has seen and studied *all* the different tribes of Ainu, in Yezo and the Kuriles." Other authors have only examined half-caste or sophisticated Ainu (*Among the Hairy Ainu*, p. 282). Now this hirsute race were once "the masters of Sakhalin, Yezo, the Kuriles, Kamtschatka, and the whole of the southern Japanese empire" (p. 297). Mr. Landor's unique account of a people soon to become extinct is thus as valuable as any contribution to ethnology can be. It is, moreover, singularly interesting in every way. A young man, "a bag of bones," as Mr. Landor describes his bodily presence, he set out alone and with as little baggage as possible to do in Ainuland as the Ainu do. He is an artist and illustrates his own book very graphically; he gives anthropometric statements of Ainu height, colouring, length of limb, breadth of head, and so on; he studies their manners, their society, their religion (what he could find of it)—in fact, Mr. Landor did all that an intelligent traveller ought to do. He collected and delineated Ainu weapons, implements, and objects of decorative art. We only regret—it is among the few unfavourable criticisms we have to make—that Mr. Landor did not carry a salmon-rod. The rivers are teeming with fish, which the Ainus poach out as their doggish nature dictates to them. These noble salmon, netted, speared, sniggled, very likely, never saw a Jock Scott nor a Durham Ranger, and we do not even pretend to affirm that they rise to a fly.

It is not very easy, in our limited space, to know where to begin in reviewing Mr. Landor's work. There are so many themes of interest that we are at a loss where to make choice. The Ainu, untouched by Japanese or European influence, is short, as a rule, dark, wondrous hairy all over, dirty, indolent, and

amiable. Sophisticated Ainu assaulted Mr. Landor for painting a fish, which to their mind would prove bad for fishing. By the aid of a revolver and presence of mind, he got the better of his foes, and also of an extortionate Ainu landlord. In remoter places the hairy ones were much more gentle and hospitable. Some of the ladies are really pretty, and one attached herself violently to the Englishman, administering little bites in place of kisses. Mr. Landor, like Mr. Swinburne, seems to have "tired of the kisses that sting," and he behaved like Scipio, Joseph Andrews, and Prince Charles Edward in the affair of the affectionate young lady at Strasburg. Mr. Landor, in the interests of science, shared the shelter of an Ainu maniac. He found that he could do some "thought-transference" with this insane person as long as he kept his eye on him; but sometimes it was necessary to thrash him for his good. Mr. Landor broke his own leg, and set it himself as best he might in these wild regions. In fact, he had adventures enough, and "a sair, sair altered man Mr. Landor cam' hame" to his European luggage and the comforts of the Saut-Market. Every one who cares for the literature of travel and adventure will find what he enjoys in Mr. Landor's account of his wanderings.

The antiquary, for his part, will be pleased with the account of the "pit-dwellings," long deserted, which are found all over Yezo and the Kurile Islands. The remains show flint arrow-heads, adzes, knives, whereas the Ainu employ bone and bamboo arrow-points. These are occasionally found in the pit-dwellings. Perhaps they came thither in some Ainu attack on the pit-people; perhaps the Ainu were once addicted to living in these holes and using stone weapons, but gave up both practices. Mr. Landor prefers the former hypothesis. It is also not impossible that Ainu, finding the old pits of an earlier people, took up their abode in them for a while. Red and black pottery is found in these humble homes.

Who were the pit-dwellers? It is only natural that some Ainu should believe they were hostile dwarfs. Those odious beings occupy a great place in tradition everywhere. They are Ujits in Mr. Boyle's tale of the "Haunted Jungle," they are Pigmies, they are, according to one school of antiquaries, the originals of the Fairies and even of our Picts. Some race or other, for some purpose or other, built many subterranean houses in Scotland and Ireland, and, if they lived in them, can hardly have been tall people. The Celtic traditions of little men who came out of the grass—the grass roof of the underground home—certainly do suggest Kirk's subterranean folk of his *Secret Commonwealth*. Even now we can produce educated people who have heard the fairy music swelling within the fairy hill, a problem in acoustics. The Ainu, then, have traditions of the Pigmies not unlike those of the Celts. By-the-bye, *Regina Pigmorum, veni*, is Lilly's incantation to the Faery Queen. But other Ainu believe in tiny fairies who could shelter under a leaf; while others, again, fancy that the pit-dwellers, Koro-pok-karu, were their own race in an earlier stage, and even more hairy than at present. Aubrey, and other authorities on the second sight, mention a female house-haunting spirit, "Meg of the Hairy Arm," whom second-sighted men could see. If Meg was a survival of a previous subterranean race in Scotland, then her hairy arm connects her with the hairy Koro-pok-karu; but there go many "ifs" to this hypothesis, which is of the kind dear to antiquaries. The Ainu, far from living in pits, perch their storehouses aloft on poles. They make no pottery, like the pit-dwellers, and, if descendants of the pit-dwellers, are, so far, degenerate. Mr. Landor, after annihilating a theory of Mr. Batchelor's, thinks that the pit-dwellers were in several points akin to the Eskimo. The pit-dwellers would disappear before the Ainus, as they do before the Japanese. Like all questions of race, and of early movements of races, this is very obscure.

Of religion, in Mr. Landor's opinion, the Ainu have as good as none at all. But in this field he is not an expert. We have often been told about savages who had no religion, and the erroneousness of the opinion was proved, we think, by Roskoff in reply to Sir John Lubbock. Mr. Landor has not lived so long with the Ainu as to be an authority on a point which, as Sproat and Codrington found, needs to be determined after a long and very intimate acquaintance with a savage race. The Ainu claim descent from the bear, and if, on given occasions, they kill and eat it, that, as Mr. Robertson Smith and others have shown, may have a mystical and religious signification. But this is not a point on which we would lay any stress. The Ainu show "a kind of fear and respect for anything which supports their life or can destroy it." We may define this as "religious instinct," or not, as we please. The idea of "soul" is associated by them with "breath" or "life," and so it is with all races everywhere, as etymology proves, but we can readily believe that the Ainu know nothing of "the resurrection of the body."

\* *Alone among the Hairy Ainu.* By A. H. Savage Landor. London: Murray. 1893.

It would be odd if they did, but it does not follow that they have no glimpse of the survival of the spirit. As to Ainu words said by some to mean "god," or "creator," it does not follow that they have not this sense because they also mean "old," or "the man who made the village." Unkulunkulu and the Omum-borumbanga occur as African analogies. The *inao* (shaved wands) may be a kind of spiritual lightning-conductors to receive and carry off the impulses of "evil spirits," as Mr. Landor thinks, like the bay-leaves which had a similar happy effect in a haunted house in New England, as Increase Mather attests. But, before having an idea of an evil spirit, unattached, men must, we believe, have had an idea of their own spirit—must have reached the animistic stage. "The Ainu do not know of a heaven or a hell," says Mr. Landor; but we wait for more information. Mr. Landor (p. 290) seems to think that to believe in a future life implies believing in the resurrection of the body. We admit that the Ainu are a "regardless" race; but only prolonged and, so to say, expert observation—such as that of Dr. Codrington—can settle such very delicate questions as the nature of their beliefs. The Ainu (p. 225) bury a dead man's implements with him, *breaking them first*. This fact is quite conclusive; we very well know the meaning of rites so widely diffused. The dead man, in the world of the dead, uses the weapons and other objects which are dead too, having been burned or broken. So in Perrault's burlesque of *Aeneid VI.*, the shade of a groom cleans the shade of a carriage with the shade of a mop. The [Ainu] funeral rites solve the problem as to what is (or, at least, as to what has been) the Ainu belief. An example of early denial of religion to a people who really possess a good deal of belief, may be found, of all unexpected places, in Wodrow's *Analecta* (1724). He learned from a traveller that the Hottentots were godless; recently we were told all about their deity, Tsru Goab.

## NOVELS.\*

MRS. STUART calls her picture of *A Woman of Forty* a monograph; and the word, though not altogether appropriate, may pass. Evidently her main intention has been to portray fine and vigorous character, somewhat distorted and shrivelled by early suffering, which expands again under the influence of a second summer of love. The study is crowned with a large measure of success; but in achieving her purpose the author develops at least two other characters with greater detail and attractiveness than would be possible in a monograph strictly interpreted. Her girl of twenty and her man of thirty-five are in their way almost as interesting as her woman of forty; and that is perilous for the effect which she wishes to produce. Nevertheless, the result is a strong and well-defined impression, which will outlive many an earlier and later mental picture. Fifteen years before the story begins Magdalen Cuthbert was a proud, imperious, voluptuous maiden, splendidly beautiful, statuesque of pose, and queenly in her bearing. She responded, as such a nature would respond, to a too magnetic Percy; and after a brief spell of illusion the magnetic one jilted her for a little "pretty, fluffy, fair thing," who slowly teased him to death in Australia. Magdalen preserved her good-looks and her spirit; but she wore a mask in society and played a part, like the Julie d'Aiglemont on whom she has been in some measure more or less consciously modelled. There is, indeed, little or nothing in common between the circumstances of Magdalen Cuthbert and those of Balzac's Marquise; but the study of a heart re-awakening to love and illusion at the age of forty could not fail to derive much of its inspiration from the portrait and analysis of Julie. *La Femme de Trente Ans* is one of the masterpieces of art which, once assimilated, become of necessity a part of one's general literary equipment. Every competent romancer must have read it; and on that account, if on no other, we should expect to find many a sentence in the pregnant second chapter of Balzac's story which would give us the keynote to Magdalen Cuthbert's character. Here is one, for instance, taken almost at hazard. The disillusion of Julie's girlhood, we are told, had been a wound

"assez meurtrier pour étreindre à la fois le passé, le présent et l'avenir, ne laisser aucune partie de la vie dans son

\* *A Woman of Forty: a Monograph.* By Esme Stuart. 2 vols. London: Mettuen & Co. 1893.

*Marion Darche: a Story without Comment.* By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

*The Lasters; or, a Capitalist's Labour.* By General Sir George Chesney, K.C.B., M.P. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1893.

*The Heyden.* By Mrs. Hungerford. 3 vols. London: Heinemann. 1893.

*Beyond the Bustle: a Tale of South Africa.* By Jenner Tayler. 1 vol. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1893.

intégrité, dénaturer à jamais la pensée, s'inscrire inaltérablement sur les lèvres et sur le front, briser ou détendre les ressorts du plaisir, en mettant dans l'âme un principe de dégoût pour toute chose de ce monde."

So it was with Magdalen; and when Brice Leslie, a young New Zealander, who had been a friend of Percy's in his colonial exile, met her in his cousin's drawing-room in London, he found her hard-hearted and cynical, scorning those whom she attracted, wounding those whom she charmed, and clinging to society only "pour mentir au monde." Brice Leslie was engaged to Griselda, the girl of twenty, which did not save him from being desperately infatuated by Magdalen. Unfortunately, the *maîtresse d'escreme* is pined herself this time, and it is not until she is thoroughly committed by her own words and actions, a little in advance of her lover—who happens to be an honourable man—that she learns by accident the relations existing between Brice and Griselda. It is an English story, with an English ending; though manifestly the love of one man divided between two women cannot leave three persons happy. Altogether, Esme Stuart may be congratulated on a good piece of work. Her romance is as successful as the construction of her plot; she has resisted the temptation to over-analyse her heroine, whilst the principal characters and incidents make the motive of the story perfectly clear. The workmanship is so correct as a whole that it is awkward to find the first page marred by a misstatement of fact, and the second by a scrap of more than inadmissible English.

In *Marion Darche* Mr. Crawford gives us a romance and a character-sketch almost absolutely confined to New York, and, in New York, to a couple of houses in Lexington Avenue. Mr. Crawford does not locate Mrs. Darche and her friends "on" Lexington Avenue. He says "in"; and that is a trifle to begin with which implies sundry other trifles. In New York people live, as a rule, on a street, not in it; and American writers, with few exceptions, would very naturally say so. Mr. Crawford clings, with what his countrymen regard as quaint and pedantic obstinacy, to older models of English prose—which were also the models of Irving, Longfellow, Bancroft, and Motley. He has hitherto written a dozen novels in which the local colour has been derived from Italy, Central Europe, India, and Arabia, to one which concerns itself with America, and it is noteworthy that in his new story, saturated as it is with New York life and character, the narrator himself and all his types are free from peculiarities of any kind. In regard to some of the characters this can scarcely be true to life. The Wall Street speculator, the domestic servant, the policeman, talk in much the same style as the most cultivated men and women—that is to say, in the style of Mr. Crawford. But if the author does not seem to accommodate himself so well to a New York as to an Italian atmosphere, there is no reason whatever to be captious about the substance of his romance. Marion Darche has made the great mistake of marrying a wealthy financier who has next to nothing in common with her, and for him she has rejected a lover manifestly fitted to make her happy. Her head was woefully wrong when she did it, but her heart is pure gold. She abides by her bargain, and more than that; she lives up to her vows, not with cold and measured acquiescence, but with cheerful and spontaneous devotion to her husband and his interests. If he had been merely callous and vile of temper, one feels that she would have conquered him in the end by her quiet persistence and loyalty. But he is worse than a churl, he is a gambler and a swindler. The vast fortune piled up by his father crumbles away; he tries to stave off his ruin by issuing certificates of stock with forged signatures; he is put on his trial, convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Even then Marion will not desert him; she refuses to hear of a divorce, and nurses the idea of reclaiming him when he has served his term. But it does not come to that; she connives at his escape, and learns soon afterwards that he has been drowned at sea. The second act of the drama finds her pining in her widowhood, living with a cousin in her own house in Lexington Avenue. The faithful lover, who had betrayed his feelings to her before the disappearance of John Darche, does not come near her; she wonders and suffers, for she, too, has betrayed her feelings. The fact is that the husband is still alive, and Harry Brett, who has had letters from the convict, pays back her honourable scruples in the same coin. That is the conception of the story; but its *dénouement* must not be taken out of Mr. Crawford's hands. There is no need to say that *Marion Darche* is charming in style, and very easy to read. We become more familiar with the women than with the men, whose conversation is often vague and forced. The subsidiary hero and heroine—Dolly Maylands is a typical American girl of the most attractive pattern—come together after a great deal of fencing. There is a pretty love-

scene, in which the lady asks her swain if he cares for one particular person, and he retorts by asking her the same question. Of course they both answer "Yes," to the legitimate satisfaction of the reader; and then, "Do two positives make a negative?" asked Vanbrugh as their hands met." Mr. Vanbrugh is always sharpening the point of his remarks, or putting a point on other people's remarks, with the result that he is sometimes witty, and sometimes only brilliantly banal. He also is intended to be typical; for Mr. Crawford does not make his Italians or his Englishmen talk so cleverly.

*The Lesters* is an optimistic novel; its purpose is to show how much good might be done by a philanthropic man in possession of boundless wealth. Sir George Chesney has written several stories, each of them with a purpose, and he is one of the few writers from whom the public is always ready to welcome a novel with a purpose. The reason is that he only writes about what he knows, and his work is neat and shapely. To be sure, it is often fantastic, as in the first part of the story before us. Squire Lester has a moderate estate, many encumbrances, a hypochondriac wife, and five children whose education is very costly. He has overdrawn at the bank, and does not know where he is to raise the money to meet his immediate liabilities. Disaster stares him in the face; and as he potters about one morning over his grounds, thinking sadly of his eldest son and daughter at Cambridge, his second daughter at the Royal Seminary of Music, his second son in the army, and his youngest son at Winchester, he casually strikes upon a rich deposit of gold. For months thereafter he spends every available moment in a little natural cavern, on an island in the centre of his ornamental lake, groping, digging, sifting, delving, blasting, for the gold which seems to be inexhaustible, and as fast as he gets the ore out of the ground he casts it into ingots and stores it in canvas bags. He takes infinite pains to conceal his discovery, warns his children away from the treasure-island, and is especially concerned to do the Crown out of its royalties. This is a joke of Sir George's; he is neither a casuist nor a moralist by profession. We have not observed that the squire sends any conscience money to the public exchequer, though he might easily have spared enough to take a few pence off the income-tax for his groaning fellow-countrymen. We forget what the royalty on English gold amounts to, when there happens to be a gold-miner in England, and he consents to pay anything. But it must have been something appreciable on Squire Lester's bullion, which is transferred to the Bank of England in 34,175 bags, weighing 750 tons, and valued by the Bank at 105,000,000. sterling. The sensible reader approaches a romance of this kind with a perfectly open mind. "Anything you please," he says to the romancer, "so long as you know how to romance with your materials." Sir George Chesney will not captivate every taste by his matter-of-fact details and calculations, but there will be many for whom the practical precision of sundry sections of *The Lesters* will be its most attractive feature. The author has all the delight of an old engineer in setting himself a job to do, in adapting means to ends, and organizing a triumph over difficulties. Thus the mining of the gold, its assaying and melting, its transfer to Threadneedle Street—in which he cruelly makes the Government contribute to its own deception—followed by the systematic devotion of the money to charitable purposes, and the floating of sound economic schemes of re-building and land purchase—all these things are discussed and worked out with much particularity, until the reader not only agrees with Mark Lester that "riches are a trust to be used for the public good," but even follows him in his demonstration that benevolent schemes may be made self-supporting, and that "voluntary socialism" is a wholesome sort of creed for a rich man. Indeed, Sir George Chesney's story brims over with generosity, candour, and optimism. He has described a situation in which enormous wealth blesses and elevates every one who comes within reach of it, of course on the understanding that it is administered with exceptional wisdom. Squire Lester becomes the Earl of Lesterton, which seems to knock all the family pride out of him; he surrounds himself with a little department of secretaries and clerks, answers begging-letters, goes a good deal to the East End, and leaves himself very little time for rest or amusement. Meanwhile the rest of the Lesters are variously affected by their sudden riches. The Countess proves that there is no doctor equal to good news and good luck; she ceases to have mysterious ailments, and becomes quite active and lively again. The eldest son loses his head for a time, but pulls himself up and follows in his father's footsteps. The second son is content to get his jacket, and devote himself to gunnery in India. The daughters gladden the Earl's heart by declining brilliant matches and claiming to marry for love. The romances of these two girls are very well told, and suffice to redeem the story from anything like a charge

of dryness. The courtship of Lady Agatha by the Duke of Baymouth is inimitable, and decidedly the cleverest strain in a very clever and entertaining novel.

It would be difficult to find a greater contrast than that which exists, both in subject and in manner, between *The Hoyden* and the story last mentioned. To compare the two would be an injustice to both; they have different aims, and they appeal to different tastes in fiction. Mrs. Hungerford is a well-known novelist, and has many warm admirers. It is almost enough to say that her new story is a symphony of the old familiar kind, another *comédie larmoyante*, in which the characters have changed little, save their names, since we met them, years ago, in *Molly Bawn*. The heroine is a delightful, impulsive little creature, and not much of a hoyden after all. A big handsome man marries her for her money, at his mother's instigation, though at the time he is in love with his cousin. Mischief comes of it, and poor Maurice and Tita are very unhappy. The mother and cousin conspire against the girl-wife, but she has an admirable spirit of her own, and fights them splendidly—which does not prevent her smiting her husband on both cheeks and leaving him. If he richly deserved this treatment at the hands of his wife, he duly expiates his offences by falling madly in love with her, and having to plead very humbly for pardon. There is a lively scene between Maurice and his intriguing cousin, after he has heard of her perfidy to Tita. She comes to him secretly for consolation, and he gives her to understand that the old feeling is dead.

"Too late!" repeats he. He could have cursed himself; yet it had to be done. He frees himself from her, and stands back. "Why do you compel me to say such things?" cries he violently. . . .

A sound breaks from her. In all his after life Rylton never forgets it.

"Oh!" says she; and that is all.

This is in the fearless old fashion of Mrs. Hungerford, and the three volumes undulate between such tragic intensity and the light ejaculations of love. It would all be far less effective without the lavish italics which show us just where we ought to give rein to the emotions, without the total suppression and abolition of the historical tenses, and without the author's favourite trick of vivifying her dialogue by a subcutaneous injection of adverbs, after this kind:—"You, passionately, 'you did' love me then?" "You, mercilessly, 'behaved like a silly baby.'" "By lying?" says he, with agitation. "By"—vehemently—"dragging her name into the dust?" These devices have been enough to create a style, and establish a popularity. Mrs. Hungerford has had her imitators; for it is easy to catch up a mannerism after it has been made popular and distinct. But to originate and familiarize a new combination of literary tricks—must we not reckon this also amongst the categories of genius?

Mr. Jenner Tayler is a little too clever, and a little too humorous, to be a thoroughly good romancer. Either of these qualifications without the other, or the romantic faculty with a modicum of both, is of more avail in the production of a readable story than eccentric construction and conscious jocularities. The heroes of *Beyond the Bustle* are a couple of bachelors, or, to be precise, a widower and a bachelor, who run away to South Africa, enter into a partnership of solitude, and build themselves a little hut on the False Bay coast. The elder one is, in some sense, a gold-mine director, threatened with criminal proceedings, but in another aspect he is a novelist in search of a subject. On the shore of False Bay he writes a story, the heroine of which is his own daughter, whilst the hero is a study of the companion whom he picked up in Cape Town. Already the reader perceives how this narrative is to be wound up, and there is no need to linger over the details. They are not without interest, but they do not create illusion; and illusion is the one thing above all others that we are entitled to look for in a romance.

#### BOOKS ON DANTE.\*

WE know only one adverse criticism that can be made on Mr. Butler's version of Dr. Scartazzini's *Dante-Handbuch*, and that is of a somewhat hypercritical and ungracious kind. The book is an admirable book in the original, and it is translated so

\* *A Companion to Dante*. By G. Scartazzini. Translated by A. J. Butler. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

*The Comedy of Dante rendered into English*. By Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart. Part I.—Hell. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

*Dante's Divine Comedy*. By George Musgrave. The Inferno. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

*Dante's Purgatorio and Paradiso*. Cary's Version, with Doré's Illustrations. London: Cassell & Co.

*Dante's Pilgrim's Progress, with Notes by the way*. By Emma Russell Gurney. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

well that we have not seen a better translation lately of the kind that aims not at the reproduction or simulation of literary graces, but at the setting forth of a certain quantity of knowledge in good English. But it may, perhaps, seem that Mr. Butler would have done still better to complete his three volumes of translation and notes on the *Commedia* by an original "Companion." Every nation requires—or, at least, is the better for—a gentleman usher of its own to the greatest writers; and, though Mr. Butler handsomely says that Dr. Scartazzini "knows Dante as well as any man, and Dante literature probably better than any man," we do not think that he himself is much to seek in either branch of knowledge. Moreover, we have always wished to see him carry out on a larger scale than the restricted annotations of his version of the *Comedy* permit that system of incorporation by consulting Dante's own contemporaries and masters, scholastic and other, which he, as we hold rightly, prefers to any other. Such a book, with translations and text of the minor works, added to those already existing of the *Comedy*, would make any Dante in the original and the vernacular such as no other nation possesses, and would justify the generous confession of Dr. Scartazzini himself that "English (including all English-speaking writers) has entered upon the inheritance of Germany" in Dantism.

However, Mr. Butler no doubt knows his own powers and preferences best; and there is no denying that this *Companion* is a right good companion. We can forgive the excellent Doctor (Mr. Butler thinks it necessary to apologize for him in a note), though he does appear to forget Shakespeare, and we cannot go quite so far as Mr. Butler himself in reprehending his sceptical Dante-criticism. As far, indeed, as Dr. Scartazzini's obstinate determination to give no bibliographical fact as a fact, except what can certainly be proved, to brush away all the commentator cobwebs about what could, should, or would have happened, to reduce the childish translations of Dante's allusions into positive statements which simply repeat the allusions themselves, and so forth, we have nothing but a "grande *sophos*" for him. It is time, and far more than time, that the intolerable deal of something much less than sack with which the halfpenny loaves of known fact about Dante, about Shakespeare, and about a dozen other great men of letters have been moistened, should be poured away into the gutter. But we confess that when Dr. Scartazzini pushes this scepticism beyond the right confines of that admirable (when properly understood) habit of mind in regard to the Beatrice of the poems, we must hold that he is committing the very sin of the commentators, the reverse way, and refusing to be content with the obvious and natural meaning. Of course Dr. Scartazzini does not fall into the absurdity of those who hold her to be a mere abstraction and ideal. Every man—at least, if he has ever been in love himself—must, if he possess the slightest common sense, perceive this absurdity. Idealized, etherealized, anything-ized, she may be; but when the Dante who felt the fires of Purgatory hotter than molten glass on a certain cornice wrote as he does about a woman, it was about a woman that he wrote. Nor, as we say, does Dr. Scartazzini deny this. But when, not content with refusing to accept Beatrice Portinari as the "inexpressive She," he wastes much good energy in trying to prove the idle paradox that the She's real name was not Beatrice at all, we cannot praise him.

But a "Companion to Dante" which gave one no room for differing with it would be the wretchedest of wretched parrish. It is the excellence of this book of Dr. Scartazzini's that it gives everything which it ought to give of the non-controversial kind. The life and the works, the history and the translations, the theories and the commentaries, this excellent Italian-German Doctor misses none of them. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Butler has to correct him in more important points than speaking of the Florentine in a way which seems to forget the person who is to German Shaconians "Der Stratforde." He is, for instance, right and useful in pointing out, in reference to a remark of his author's that *accidia*, the deadly sin of which the middle ages formed the name so oddly, and which we translate most inadequately "sloth," is "a great deal more than indolence." This correction, however, is rarely necessary. And the good side of the Doctor's scepticism, properly so called, is exhibited in his excellent summary without decision, but with no leaning against the prisoner, in the famous and still unsolved question of the letter to Can Grande.

One little quarrel we have with Mr. Butler, and that is for omitting the full bibliography in the original. It may be (for we have not that original before us) that it was impossibly bulky, but we hardly think so; and, even if many of the books were not easily accessible to an English student, the value now and then would have far outweighed the general inutility. But, on the whole, this is undoubtedly the most useful book of the kind for a reader who does not want aesthetic "piffle," and can supply

ecstasy for himself when he wants it, that has yet been published in English. And everybody who studies Dante seriously should hasten to put it by the side of that edition of Mr. Butler's own with which it ranks in form, and which it helps to complete in matter.

Of the three new translations, or new editions of old translations, of Dante before us, one requires but little notice. Cary's translation and Doré's illustrations are by this time so well known that it would not be very easy to say anything new in praise of the one or in blame of the other. It is interesting by the way to note that the high, and certainly impartial, authority of Dr. Scartazzini speaks of Cary as a "classic," as "admirable," and as "indispensable to students of Dante." As for Doré, his Dante illustrations were not the worst things he did, and perhaps rank next to the *Wandering Jew* in merit among his more serious attempts. But the want of style and of atmosphere must always be a serious drawback to them.

Sir Edward Sullivan doubtless did not mean any great harm, but it cannot be said that he showed any great wisdom, by writing the following paragraph:—

'The prose versions which have hitherto been published—though few in number—seem to have been framed rather as a help to students of the Italian text, than with a view to give the English reader any insight of a connected kind into Dante's Poem. I know of no prose rendering in our language which is throughout intelligible without the aid of the original text. The best of them by far—John Carlyle's *Inferno*—rises, no doubt, at times above the level of a "crib"; but, taken as a whole, it possesses, in common with the others, the fault to which I have referred.'

It must follow from this that Mr. Butler and Professor Norton, for instance, do not "rise above the level of a crib," which is a polite, and in a competitor a graceful, compliment to Professor Norton and Mr. Butler. But politeness and gracefulness are, no doubt, sometimes compatible with the absence of wisdom, and their absence with the presence of it. Is it quite wise of Sir Edward to vaunt the readability of his own version without the original? We open him at strict hazard, and, as it chances, happen upon the Francesca passage. Here is a sample of it:—

'When that we came to read of how the smiling lips he loved were kissed by lover such as he, he that no more shall e'er be parted from me kissed my mouth trembling through.'

We have not Professor Norton at hand, but we turn to Mr. Butler, and find that he renders

'When we read that the wished-for smile was kissed by such a lover, this one who never from me shall be parted kissed me on the mouth all trembling.'

Nobody who knows the Italian will deny that Mr. Butler is much the closer. Will any one who only reads the English say that Sir Edward Sullivan is much the more intelligible? However, we should not have made the "comparison" if Sir Edward had not forced it on us, and taking his work on its own merits, we are glad to give it a welcome. For it has merits of its own, and may very likely add to the number of readers of Dante. And we sometimes think that there never was a time for which Dante was so much the appointed reading as this time when every circle and every bolgia yawns for some of the best known men in Europe.

We are not able to agree with Mr. Musgrave that the Spenserian stanza is a good vehicle for a verse-translation of Dante. It has not, indeed, the obvious defects of that Marvellian scheme which Mr. Shadwell lately used; and it is quite conceivable that Dante might have written the *Commedia* in it, or in something like it. But as a matter of fact he did not; and the great internal volume and body of the *novenae* substitutes something far too different from his tercets to be admissible. It may seem a paradox, but we dare lay it down as a sober truth, that when an original has certain very distinct features, the translator, if these are not reproducible unchanged, had much better adopt a sort of general and colourless medium than one of great idiosyncrasy. Mr. Musgrave, however, not content with his Spenserian, endeavours at distinction by other still more mechanical means. He is lavish of italics, capitals, black letter; he turns the names of the devils in the Twenty-first Canto into such things as "Terrortail," "Bloodmoor," "Dragonozzle," "Hellbat"; and he indulges in such archaisms or eccentricities as "glitterand," "I wilderd," "roving my ken," which last seems like a mixture of archery and thieves Latin. Now all these fantasticalities produce an effect in nineteenth-century English which is as different as possible from the "illustrious, cardinal, courtly, and curial" Italian, at which, as we know, Dante aimed, and which he did so much to establish. Still, variety is pleasing, and as we said of Sir Edward Sullivan, so we may say of Mr. Musgrave, that he too may bring some sheep to the fold. His book, if somewhat rococo in taste, is not dull, and for a verse translation by no means

unfaithful; he has prefixed an excellent continuous argument or narrative summary, and some useful tables; and his print is clear and large.

We are not so "free to speak" (to use the old Puritan phraseology) of Mrs. Russell Gurney's book as of those we have been noticing. They all appeal to the common run of readers and students, and are, or should be, ready to undergo the common run of criticism. Hers attempts fresh allegorizing of the already sufficiently allegoric work of the poet, a further symbolizing of his mystical emblems. The very tints of the cover of the book—white, green, and flame colour—have their meaning. Mr. Shields has supplied a chromolithograph in which on a gold bar three hearts balemented, thorn and cross-crowned, and winged with rosy pinions, typify different conditions of the soul. The plan of the text is that on one page an extract from the Italian text faces on the other a sort of exegitical meditation, generally of a mystical kind, which is suggested by it, or a corresponding extract from other classics, sacred or profane, or a selection from the commentators, or something similar. Nay, the very covers, besides their colour-suggestions already noted, carry, one the winged scallop shell of the pilgrimage, the other three rondels charged respectively with the thorns of the suicides' wood, the humble reed, and the white rose of Paradise. Clearly it is not easy to criticize a book of this kind, though it is easy to recommend it to those to whom it may appeal. There are some very well disposed to the mystical who like to create their own mysticism for themselves; there are others who like to have it done for them; and there are, of course, those who cannot understand or like anything of the kind. The first class does not need but will not dislike, and the third will not think of touching Mrs. Russell Gurney's book. The second will, and should, be glad of it.

#### GOLF.\*

**I**F some of the old heroes mentioned in these pages—say, for instance, Mr. Sutherland and his contemporaries—could now revisit the links they loved so well, what a rude awakening would be theirs! Confronted with patent brown-paper tees (so much a dozen at the Stores), badgered to buy the Balfour golfing-cost, urged to invest in patent improved score-keepers, they would hardly recognize the game and its present accessories. To add the coping-stone, to pile insult on injury, they would be instructed by one of the "monstrous regiment of Englishry," himself the tiro of a season, as to the propriety or otherwise of dubbing golf a first-class game. At this point imagination fails to realize their feelings. Somebody has remarked that the popularization of golf is its vulgarization. Certainly this is true; but one result has accrued, which may perhaps be looked upon as a benefit, if not altogether unmixed; we allude to the enormously augmented literature of the game. At the present time the bibliography of golf, like the word "politic," surprises by himself a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude, and it has been Mr. Clark's task to rummage in old documents, Burgh charters, old Acts of Parliament, magazines, daily papers, to collect the scattered pieces, and arrange them in a variegated patchwork into what children call a "crazy quilt." Privately printed eighteen years ago, and in limited numbers, this book had become rare and valuable, the more so, as it was universally regarded as the standard on the subject. In the circumstances, therefore, a second edition is very welcome.

There is no original writing, or very little; it deals with golf, not as a practical science—indeed, you may search from cover to cover, and find a "bulger" not so much as mentioned. The practical side has been so exhaustively dealt with by other writers, that, as Mr. Clark ruefully admits, there is nothing more left for him to say. You ramble with him in the byways of golfing literature; and, if you are in any wise imbued with the spirit of Joseph Strutt—who, by the way, is freely quoted—your wandering will be pleasant. Yet, as to medals, as to clubs, their recent changes of habitation, and of greens, and similar matters, you are brought entirely up to date.

As to its history, no man, of course, can say when golf began—probably, like Topsy, it grew. Strutt identifies it with a game called Paganica, in vogue among the Romans, because the ball used, "as at goff, was of leather, stuffed with feathers"—an argument which seems somewhat inconclusive. He is on firmer ground, however, when he says that, in Edward III.'s reign, bandyball was called Cambuca—a word defined by Du Cange as *baculus incurvatus*, a crooked club or staff. From here the development is easy. But Strutt becomes more interesting

when he writes of his own time, and tells us that, "according to the present modification of the game, goff is performed with a bat, not much unlike bandy. The handle of this instrument is straight, and usually made of ash [in this he is corroborated by Thomas Mathison, in *The Goff*, 1743 to 1793], about four feet and a half in length; the curvature is affixed to the bottom, faced with horn and backed with lead." The probabilities are that Strutt himself never played "goff" any more than Hieronymus Mercurialis ever played the "Jeu de Mail." Consequently neither author thoroughly understood his subject, although it is fair to the former to state that, the above lapses apart (for we must so regard it), his subsequent description of the game is, in the cautious language of the Scot, "no that bad." The usual length of a handle—i.e. a shaft—is three-foot-six to three-foot-seven, and it is plain that all handles cannot have been of the abnormal length described by Strutt, inasmuch as there may be seen in the reliquary in the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews two long spoons—one made by a certain Simon Cosser in 1765, the other by McEwen about 1790. The shafts of these clubs are just about the same length as those in ordinary use to-day. Now, as Strutt published his *Sports and Pastimes* in 1801 (second edition 1810), we have a tolerably conclusive proof of his mistake. To return on our chronological tracks (with a tinge of regret that the *Vision of Piers Plowman* does not concern itself with future Cambuca, or goff, at Malvern), we find the game at the beginning of the seventeenth century flourishing like a green bay-tree. James VI. seems to have had as great a horror of "Puritans and precise people" as Montaigne, who disliked austerity and sourness of manner, observing that all "grumness and formality of countenance were suspected by him." Wherefore the King encouraged Sunday golf, but with the saving and very proper clause that it must be after the ending of divine service.

We are not aware whether golf is specially mentioned in the *Basilikon Doron*; but the King's son, Prince Henry, for whose edification the King wrote the book, was certainly a golfer, for when swinging a club he nearly caught "Master Newton" a back-hander, that worthy having been mooning about and "haivering" with some one else in too close proximity to His Highness, who was graceless enough to observe, in the language of the day, that it would have served him right. All the Stuart kings were keen golfers. Charles I. was interrupted in a match at Leith by the news of the Irish Rebellion. The Duke of York, afterwards James II., alternated his golf on that green with the pleasant pastime of torturing the Covenanters; the shoemaker Paterson, whose partner he was in a big match, is quite an historical personage.

One curious quotation appears for the first time in this edition; it is from the Rev. James Kirkton, "a person of good understanding and of a great deal of witt," who wrote a history of the Church of Scotland, circa 1679. The author's "witt" notwithstanding, it is a volume which for light reading might have commended itself to Andrew Fairservice as a fair equivalent to the worthy Dr. Lightfoot. One Michael Bruce preached *inter alia* as follows to a congregation at Cambusnethen in "Clydairdall":

The Devil has the ministers and professors of Scotland now in a sive, and O as he sifts and O as he riddles, and O as he rattles, and O the chaff he gets! and I fear there be more chaff nor there be good corn . . . but the soul confirmed man leaves over the Devil at two moe, and he has ay the matter gadged and leaves ay the Devil in the lee side. Sir O work in the day of the cross.'

Many are the tales and legends in which the hapless Devil has been worsted in his encounters with humans, as in Rabelais's story of the farmer and the crops, and that of the Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel and the bridge; the Devil and the ice palace at Mont Saint-Michel, and so on. But the idea of continually playing one off two to his sable Majesty at golf may be new to many readers. Mr. Clark remarks that the game, at any rate, must have been familiar to the good folks of Cambusnethen, and that its terminology must have been the same then as now.

Other novelties in Mr. Clark's book are plates representing among others the great Montrose, whom we find "hard at golf on the Links of St. Andrews" in May 1628, "ere the troubles began." One of Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, likewise, who also was an eminent golfer; a wood engraving of M'Kellar, the well-known "Cock o' the Green," appears for the first time. Of poetry we have various specimens, though, truth to tell, not reaching a high standard, with one or two exceptions.

As a proof of Mr. Clark's careful research, we note that mention is now made of the 1763 edition of Thomas Mathison's *The Goff*; in the catalogues of the British Museum and Advocates' Library in Edinburgh only those of 1743 and 1793 are to be found.

\* *Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game.* By Robert Clark. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

[January 6, 1894.]

The poem is in the mock-heroic vein, prolix, and not very interesting, except in so far as allusion is made to Duncan Forbes and other celebrities, who were members of the Company of Gentlemen Golfers. Forbes's opponent, Prince Charles, introduced golf into Italy about 1740, a fact neglected by Mr. Clark. Lord Echo's Diary is the evidence. That body, in 1793, recorded a minute to the effect that "no member shall play on the Links with irons all (*sic*) without the consent of the Captain and Council, and it is recommended by the meeting that they will not grant the desire of such application"; truly a wise provision, which might with advantage be re-enacted by golf clubs at the present time. It appears from a recent decision in the Courts that, Mrs. Raddle's voluminous objections notwithstanding, it is no libel on a woman to call her a woman; still they manage their phrases differently in America, where "charesladies," "salesladies," and their kind triumphantly reign; but, all the same, it seems there is a precedent, for the Musselburgh Golf Club resolve (1810) to present a new creel and shawl to the best female golfer who plays on the annual occasion on 1st January next, old style (12th January new), to be intimated to the "Fish Ladies" by the officer of the Club. Two of the best Barcelona silk handkerchiefs to be added to the above premium of the creel.

In 1767 Mr. Durham of Largo holed St. Andrews Links in 94—a marvellous performance, which, taking into account the difference in the course, and in the clubs and balls, might possibly compare with a score of 80 or so at present. Six years later, arrangements seem to have been what we should call rather slack; for one Arnot, having won with 105, and having "pulled back his ball"—i.e. not holed out—he was not disqualified, but the whole competition was played over again, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Halket with 114. It is interesting to note the steady improvement in play as evidenced by the table of medal scores of the Royal and Ancient Club given by Mr. Clark. From these it appears that for the last ten years the average for the Autumn Medal is 84·4, as against 89·7 for the decade preceding; for the Spring Medal the figures are 87·0 and 89·2. First amongst these scores is Mr. S. Mure Fergusson's splendid round of 79 in September 1893.

These pages may be searched almost in vain for mistakes, typographical or other; the solitary blemish we have lighted upon occurring on p. 40, where, in reading of the migration of the Honourable Company to Muirfield, we find "the game became so popular and the players so numerous as to force the Club to again look out for 'fresh fields and pastures new.'" May we, with deference, counsel Mr. Clark to again look out for his *Lycidas*, and avoid the use of the split infinitive?

#### TRAVELS IN INDIA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.\*

**T**HOMAS TWINING, a Civil Servant of the East India Company, was born in 1776 and he died at Twickenham in 1861. The son of a well-known London merchant, he was sent out to India at the early age of sixteen, arrived there in 1791, served in divers capacities, with an interval of furlough, and then retired, owing to ill-health, in 1805. It might be imagined that there was nothing very special in Mr. Twining's Indian experiences to call for their publication at this distance of time. He never fought against Marathas, as Elphinstone did. He never completed the Revenue Settlement of a large province, like Munro. He achieved no brilliant diplomatic success, like Metcalfe. And yet we feel justified in saying that in a private Diary, luckily preserved in his family and nearly one hundred years old, we have one of the most interesting and instructive narratives, illustrative of native decline and fall and early English civilization, which it has ever been our good fortune to read. Young Twining, who was actually promised a writership, as it was then termed, at the age of fourteen, seems to have been very well educated for his age. He studied the Persian language on his way out, and found himself fairly proficient in it when he landed at Calcutta. He subsequently became conversant with Urdu and Bengali, and many of his remarks are those of an intelligent scholar. He at once began his career by taking notes of every incident of his voyage round the Cape; and his Diary, when he landed and began work, may be divided into three portions. He gives the usual incidents of sharks, albatrosses, Cape pigeons, and so on, while on board the good ship *Ponsborne*, commanded by one Captain Thomas who, like Baillie Nicol Jarvie's Captain Coffinkey, seems to have been a decent sort of man but

swore awfully. There is a diary of a journey from Lower Bengal to Delhi, *via* Agra, which occupied more than seven months. Then we have notes of a tour in the United States, which remarkable country he took on his way back to Europe. And, in addition, there are detached accounts of a visit to Lord Wellesley in camp, of a Sati, of a severe drought, and of the caparisoned elephants and the fierce wild boar. To the omnivorous and omniscient tourist, who now gets to Bombay in three weeks and "does" India exhaustively in three months, the details of a sea-voyage of more than one hundred and twenty days may appear tedious. Some of these old sea-captains appear to have chosen a very inconvenient time for their departure to the East. The *Ponsborne* started in April and reached Calcutta towards the end of August. The route, to modern notions, seems as ill-chosen as the date. The ship sighted the Canaries and the Cape de Verde Islands, missed the Cape of Good Hope, though Trinidad had been descried earlier in the voyage, coasted the east of Ceylon, spent eight days at Madras, where every one was in high spirits at the termination of Lord Cornwallis's second campaign against Tippoo, and got safely to Calcutta, after narrowly escaping shipwreck, not off the Cape or in the Bay of Bengal, but after passing Saugor Island and threading the Rungafulla Flats. Before the era of seagoing steamers, East Indiamen owned by Green or Wigram usually left the Channel towards the middle or end of August, and reached the Hooghly about November or December, sometimes without sighting dry land between the Lizard Point and the Sandheads. Young Twining had a rather rough time on board. He landed opposite the old fort of Calcutta at about the most trying season of the year. His experiences on the ship, with the *Saturnalia* on crossing the line, the trade winds, and the equatorial calm, have, no doubt, been often described. But there is a simplicity, a self-reliance, and an observancy shown in the Diary which make it very pleasant reading. Equally interesting is the account of Calcutta hospitality a century ago. Captain Cudbert Thornhill, then head of the Bengal Marine establishment, and the progenitor of several of his name who did good service in Bengal and Upper India, with his old-fashioned courtesy, his spacious mansion, his pigtail and his cocked hat, showed great kindness to the young civilian on his arrival, though it is clear to us that the author of the Diary would never fail to find friends and patrons wherever he went.

We have referred to some old official lists, and see that this young civilian was first appointed as assistant to the Accountant-General, and that he next filled the office of Commissioner of the Court of Requests; a tribunal for the settlement of actions for petty debts, eventually replaced by a Court of Small Causes. In a year or so he was made Assistant to the Commercial Resident at Santipur. The duties of this official were to look after the Company's investment in tea, indigo, sugar, muslins, calicos, &c., and the office, if not equal in dignity to that of a Resident at a native Court, was well paid, partly in salary but mainly by commission on the goods exported, and was much coveted. Santipur is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Hooghly, about twelve miles from the head station of Kishnagur, and some sixty miles above Calcutta. The Commercial Residency is, of course, in ruins, and the manufactures of muslins and calicos have been supplanted by Manchester. The rules for leave of absence could not have been very stringent in these early times, or else Mr. Fletcher, the Commercial Resident, must have been very lenient; for Mr. Twining, instead of looking after the shipments of a great mercantile venture, was allowed to take a journey to the North-West Provinces and to pay his respects to the Emperor of Delhi. It is quite clear to us that he did not go as the representative of the Government, or in any official capacity, though he was the bearer of a letter to the Great Mogul from Sir R. Abercrombie, the Commander-in-Chief, who had just given the audacious Rohillas a good thrashing and who was, therefore, very acceptable at the Imperial Court. Twining joined the imposing fleet of the Commander-in-Chief opposite Santipur, and proceeded at a slow and dignified rate up the Ganges by Rajmahal, Bhaugulpore, Monghir, to Benares, and ultimately to Cawnpore. Though this part of the trip was excessively tedious, the current being at times too strong for the south wind, there was no other difficulty or danger to be apprehended. But from Cawnpore Mr. Twining had to make his own plans, to provide his own escort, to find his own coolies, and to trust to the kindness or forbearance of native governors of forts and towns. It must be borne in mind that he travelled at the period of non-intervention, under the administration of Sir John Shore, one year after Lord Cornwallis had left India and four years before the arrival of Lord Wellesley, who completely changed the political aspect of affairs: and what does Mr. Twining tell us of the Doab and the country on the right

\* *Travels in India a Hundred Years Ago; with a Visit to the United States: being Notes and Reminiscences.* By Thomas Twining, a Civil Servant of the Honble. East India Company. Preserved by his Son, Thomas Twining, of Twickenham, and edited by the Rev. William H. Q. Twining, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westminster. With Portrait and Map. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893.

bank of the Jumna up to the very walls of Delhi? That there should be perils from wild beasts, such as wolves; that in certain jungles tigers abounded, and that the coolies and Sepoys had to keep a sharp look out lest stragglers should be carried off, is not surprising. Nor does this fact reflect great discredit on native rule. But the whole country between one town and another was from other causes simply a howling desert. In the neighbourhood of some of the villages there was a narrow belt of cultivation. The villages themselves were protected by walls. The inhabitants never stirred abroad after dark. Repeatedly Mr. Twining's party received warnings to avoid certain resting-places and to press on to some friendly shelter, if such could be found. When they encamped or rested in a Serai for the night, every one went to sleep with sword and pistol by his side. If a cloud of dust was seen on the horizon, no one could tell whether it might not proceed from a troop of Gujars or Mewattis. The former are born cattle-stealers, the latter come from Alwar, Gurgaon, and Muttra, claim descent from Rajput clans, but were converted to Islam about the time of the first Muhammadan invasion. Twice was Mr. Twining overtaken by these robbers. Once he put on a bold front, ordered his match-lock-men to level their guns and take a good aim, and warned off the aggressors. On another occasion he had to resort to artifice, and pretend that the palanquin in which he took refuge was conveying a favourite to the Imperial harem. Even while visiting the extensive ruins in the neighbourhood of Delhi, he was warned that he might be fired at by scoundrels who lurked behind tombs and broken walls. Everywhere there was desolation and distrust. The instructive part of this Diary is that everything is related without any straining after effect, with no desire to get up a case against Padishah, Aumil, Kardar, Kotwal, or Governor of a fort. We have an occasional remark or two about the absence of good government, or any government at all, save in the interior of the palace and under the guns of the fort. We have, in fact, a glimpse of Malebolge before the Englishman cleaned it out. This part of the journey brought Mr. Twining in friendly contact with three personages, one of them historical, and all three remarkable in their several ways. First, there was an Italian Catholic priest who was a missionary stationed at Agra, and who is called Padre Juvenal. This worthy person had himself been looted by wild horsemen, and took advantage of Mr. Twining's escort. He seems to have been a very pleasant sort of fellow, and we have specimens of the letters and notes written by him to Mr. Twining when they were separated for a day or two. They are written, not in choice Italian but in very un-Ciceronian Latin, and yet there is no mistaking their meaning and force. The next personage of note was General De Boigne, the Savoyard who disciplined the army of Sindia, was victor in many battles, and retired to Chamberi, his native city, with a fortune of four hundred thousand pounds. This successful adventurer was then occupying the Fort of Coel. He showed Mr. Twining much hospitality, and discussed the political and military topics of the day with perfect freedom and politeness. He was evidently pleased at being able to give Mr. Twining an excellent dinner at the hour of 4 P.M., and to show him 25,000 disciplined infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and a park of 120 guns. That De Boigne soon afterwards retired, and left his successor, Perron, to be beaten by Lord Lake at Alighur, is matter of history. The third *rencontre* was with one Mr. Longcroft, an indigo planter. Now, it is well known that Englishmen, backed by mercantile houses in Calcutta, have often established their factories and vats, and have entered into contracts with Ryots for the cultivation and delivery of the plant, and have made fortunes, in very out-of-the-way and jungly portions of the British Empire. They have been excellent pioneers of civilization, though occasionally somewhat high-handed in their dealings with natives. But here we find an Englishman venturing on a risky commercial enterprise at the cannon's mouth, under native rule or misrule, where he had to contend with capricious rainfall or unseasonable drought, as well as with Mewattis and robbers. This gentleman had prudently built his bungalow within high mud walls, would not open his gate to the visitors till he was reassured by General de Boigne's letter of recommendation, and kept his men equipped with sword and shield ready for any surprise. Shortly before Mr. Twining's arrival, Mr. Longcroft had beaten off three hundred Pindaries, who, foiled in their attack, proceeded to capture a live Colonel of Native Infantry, and detained him till he was gallantly rescued by the well-known Begum Sumru. Mr. Twining, after paying his respects to the Great Mogul in open Durbar, returned to the Lower Provinces *vid* Lucknow and Faizabad, and was in great tribulation for nearly a week at the supposed loss of a favourite servant, who, however, eventually turned up safe and sound. The author, besides being quick of apprehension and tolerant of

native proclivities where they did not offend against the clear rules of morality, was in some respects abreast of our own generation. He gives no uncertain note of warning when he hopes that our administration "will be adapted to the peculiarities of the country and to our anomalous connexion with it; and that we shall avoid Utopian systems of theoretic legislation which may undermine the foundations of our unreal pre-eminence, and risk, to the misfortune of India, the subversion of our Empire." We wonder what he would have thought of the talking Baboo, the Parliamentary grievance-monger, the system of interpellation, and the vapouring Congress.

The picture of nascent civilization in America is quite as well worthy of study as that of Muhammadan rule in India on the eve of its expiry. Mr. Twining travelled in America when the memories of Lord Cornwallis, the surrender of York Town, and Bunker's Hill were still fresh. He visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places, travelling over newly made roads, where the driver cleverly guided his steeds through the stumps of trees left standing, and ran imminent risk of upsetting the coach. He was lodged in very third-rate taverns, from which he was rescued by American citizens who showed their usual kindness to the bearer of letters of introduction. He made acquaintance with Dr. Priestley, the celebrated chemist, saw Talleyrand, "a tall gentleman in a blue coat," and had an afternoon interview with Washington. He astonished a landlord by speaking English, though he came from Bengal, as well as any American. Congress then met in a handsome building in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; but the Capitol was slowly rising at Washington, on a space which had been only just cleared from the primeval forest. Avenues had been made through the woods in various directions, and we are irresistibly reminded of Mark Tapley and Eden when we read that the accounts given and the plan shown to Mr. Twining while at Philadelphia, had led him to expect something more advanced at Washington. The streets appeared on the map with their names, though apparently nothing was in process of erection save the Capitol, and a tavern! The President is described as a tall, benevolent, and dignified old gentleman, and his wife as a middle-sized lady, rather stout, but without affectation. It seems that a granddaughter of Washington had married Mr. Law, a Bengal Civil Servant. He, probably owing to his American connexions, had retired from the service and taken up his abode in the United States, hoping that other civil servants would follow his example. But Mr. Twining resisted the tempting invitation to settle at Baltimore and end his days "smoking a hookah" on the banks of the Potomac.

On his return to India Mr. Twining was appointed by Lord Wellesley to what his son calls the Governorship of Behar. The real designation of the post was that of judge and magistrate. There were as yet no Commissioners of division. But it is evident that Mr. Twining had more than one district under his charge, and that his duties were administrative quite as much as judicial. For his tour in his districts and a vivid account of a Sati, of Sasseram, and of early attempts to introduce order and law into our new possessions, we must refer readers to the Diary itself.

If anything could damage such a publication it would be the extreme slovenliness of the editing. We do not expect a perfect system of transliteration and accurate philology in a work a hundred years old, though Mr. Twining was a very fair Orientalist, yet *Shastas* for Shastras, *Manjhirs* for Manjhis, *Babeschu* for Bawarchi (the cook), *Dupleissy* for Dupleix, *Chitus Setoon* for Chahal Situn, *Kuttul* for the Kutub Minar, *Korjak* for Kasba (a town), *Zeban Niram* for Zubinessa, and *Torjdar* for Foujdar, with many other little blunders, might surely have been avoided. However, such irritating misprints, or possibly misreadings of the Diary, ought not to mar the appreciation of a work which, as a picture of native maladministration, reads like an extract from Tavernier or Bernier *redivivus*.

#### AN ENGLISH IDEALIST.\*

EDWARD CALVERT was one of the small band of artists who sat more or less at the feet of William Blake. John Varley, Samuel Palmer, Edward Calvert, and John Linnell had this, at least, in common, their respect and affection for Blake's character, their admiration and reverence for his genius. All of them were spiritual men, or, at least, men who had a strong sense of the supernatural, and sympathized with Blake's mysticism as well as his extraordinary gifts as a designer. They were all naturally more or less idealists in their art, Varley in his com-

\* *A Memoir of Edward Calvert, Artist.* By his Third Son. Illustrated with Reproductions from his own Paintings and Sketches. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.

position and "classical" sentiment, Linnell as a colourist, and in poetical selection of Nature, and perhaps most distinctly in his conceptions of scenes from the Bible, like "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," where both the landscape and the figures are blent in one vision of spiritual, as well as artistic, unity. Samuel Palmer came somewhere between the two. He was more spiritual than Varley, more "classical" than Linnell, his impulse was more directly literary than either. All of them were less purely ideal than Blake or Calvert, both of whom employed their imaginations to raise visions of beings and places far beyond the range of mortal experience.

Calvert was a young married man of about five-and-twenty when he first made the acquaintance of Blake. He had served, not without distinction, in the Navy for six years, and had spent some four years in Plymouth, pursuing his studies as an artist, under Thomas Ball and A. B. Johns, before he came to London. Of a highly poetical temperament, and with a strong sense of the supernatural, he found Blake's influence at first overwhelming, like that of Rossetti over Mr. Burne-Jones. In those early designs of his, engraved with such care and skill upon copper and wood, in the manner of Blake's illustrations to Philips's *Pastorals*, we see that he had no ambition to strike out a new path for himself, and that to work on any other lines than Blake's seemed impossible and undesirable. He followed Blake sometimes, as in "The Cyder Feast," even in his extravagances and ungainlinesses of form. But these most interesting little works are as perfect in their way as anything he ever did, and show, moreover, a delight in pastoral peace and a yearning for primitive simplicity which characterize his whole life-work, and distinguish it from that of his master. The restless and fiery imagination of Blake ranged from Hell to Heaven; but Calvert was content to dream of Earth alone—Earth simplified and purified till all that is accidental or individual has been melted in an atmosphere of pure innocence and joy. He accepted the forms of Nature as sufficient to embody all his hopes and desires of human happiness and perfection. His ideal, physical and spiritual, was a "Golden Age." "I have a fondness for the Earth," he says in one of his letters, "and rather a Phrygian mode of regarding it. I feel a yearning to see the glades and the nooks receding like vistas into the glades of Heaven." Another letter of his shows us shortly and clearly his view of ideal art and of his own mission as an artist. Explaining the delay which had taken place in the finishing of a portrait, he gives as one reason "the command of God to finish His work first," adding, "An artist when he invades the province of a portrait-painter, and departs from his calling, is likely to attempt the union of imaginative excellence with resemblance to the individual, which is impossible, because that which is like humanity in the whole species is alone beautiful, and there is no other way of making a portrait but by insisting on those parts of a face that are the least human, for it is by those that we are distinguished one from another."

Calvert's aims and theories once defined were never departed from. He spent some sixty years and more in musing on them, elaborating them, and trying to act upon them. A life so devoted has naturally but few incidents, and, as in his case the works which he left behind were very few, and all of the same class, the material for his biography is of the scantiest. He lived a very secluded life, absorbed in his work, enjoying occasionally the society of a few congenial companions, but often denying himself even to them. He made innumerable designs and sketches; he endeavoured to think out his theories in words, but he destroyed more drawings and manuscripts than he preserved. He was, in fact, a dreamer and a student for the whole of his life, and was so morbidly conscious of the imperfection of his work, whether artistic or literary, and so free from worldly ambition, that he never sought to gain public recognition of his merit in any capacity. He exhibited but five times at the Royal Academy, and never after 1836. For the rest of his life the knowledge of his genius was confined to his family and his friends, like the Richmonds, the Palmers, and the Linnells. In his case, at least, the public cannot be blamed for not appreciating his work in his lifetime; it was by his own will and act that he remains a *pictor ignotus* till long after his death.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Calvert that he had not to depend upon his art for a living. The generation which would have allowed Blake to starve in his old age might not have had more consideration for Calvert in his prime. We very much doubt whether he would have fared much better at the present day. Most of those who will turn over the pages of this book and admire the illustrations would pass without notice the original pictures if hung on the walls of Burlington House in the summer. They were, indeed, the object of general admiration at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy; but that is quite a different matter.

There, as at the previous collection of his drawings exhibited at the British Museum, they came before the public all ready stamped with the approval of men of authority in matters of taste, and the sale of the present volume will probably be further helped by the knowledge that the genius of Calvert has been thought worthy of representation in the Louvre.

On the other hand, the indecision, the fastidiousness, the detestable habits which are fostered by the absence of any necessity to produce a certain amount of remunerative work, probably led to a lamentable waste of Calvert's powers. That victory over colour which caused him so much jubilation when he was sixty would probably have been achieved much earlier if he had not had so much time to theorize and experiment; the years which he spent in determining the principles which should regulate his art were practically thrown away. The short treatises which he has left on art matters are of more interest than value, and do not suggest that the world had sustained much loss by the destruction of his other manuscripts. The drawings which he sacrificed to his own caprice or modesty are a much juster subject for lamentation.

For the way in which this book has been produced there is little to be said except in praise. Mr. Samuel Calvert, the third son of the artist, has special qualifications for writing the memoir of his father. He was in full sympathy with his subject both as artist and man, and, as the correspondence between them shows, maintained to the end of his father's life a spiritual and intellectual intercourse with him, both intimate and beautiful. But the interest of the book is not confined to what he has to tell us of his father. There are many pleasant reminiscences of his friends, especially of William Blake and others of the "Royal Brotherhood of Idealists," about whom and their art he writes with knowledge and taste. Moreover, his language, if not always quite "correct," has a simple, somewhat old-fashioned air, with many a quaint turn and uncommon phrase, which harmonize well with his subject, and the beautiful fragments of correspondence embedded in its text. The illustrations are also excellent, and the experiment of printing the reproductions of the drawings in the dominant tone of the originals is quite successful. To have attempted to give any more complete suggestion of Calvert's exquisite colour would have been to court failure. In its golden suffusion it bears likeness to that of Giorgione, with whom Calvert had more affinity, perhaps, than any other painter. The words in which he sums up Giorgione's art may be very properly applied to himself—he "gives innocence to naked figures in golden glades."

#### ABOUT ORCHIDS.\*

**I**N the *Herbal* of Gerarde, that delightful miscellany of horticultural gossip, we read of the orchids that "there is no great use of these in physic, but they are chiefly regarded for the pleasant and beautiful flowers, wherewith nature hath seemed to play and disport herself." A "worshipful gentleman of Kent, Master Sidley, of South Fleet," was wonderfully moved, about the time when Shakespeare came to London, by finding in one of his woods the white-butterfly satyrion, else chiefly known to frequent a boskage in the park at Hatfield. These quaint reminiscences, which have come to us in closing Mr. Boyle's delightful volume, will seem very trumpery to him, with all his splendour of *Dendrobiums* and *Odontoglossums*; but it has amused us to think of the pleasure these old solemn gardeners found in the simple orchids of their downs and woods. The idea of collecting exotic species, or of conjecturing that such species existed, had never crossed their minds. We smile to fancy the countenance of Master Tradescant if any one had suddenly put a blossom of *Cattleya labiata* into his hand. He knew nothing of Mr. Boyle's magnificence. Yet it is pleasing to feel that when the man-orchis and the bee-orchis were the aristocracy of their race, there were those who thanked God for creations so delicate and strange and useless.

There was a great advance between the seventeenth and the eighteenth century. Tradescant had never heard of the noble tropical forms; Linnaeus could congratulate himself on distinguishing 109 species. The other day it was announced that 3,000 had been identified; Mr. Boyle speaks lightly of 5,000. For a long time the rage for these exquisite plants was practically confined to England and Belgium. For the last ten years France has been eminent for the cultivation of them. Not long ago a *Cypripedium* was sold for 8,135 francs in Paris, and to a French collector. Every one who has read M. Huysman's extraordinary novel, *Au Rebours*, recollects the prominent part taken by exotic orchids in that book, the most vivid instance up to date of orchidomania in

\* *About Orchids: a Chat.* By Frederick Boyle. London: Chapman & Hall.

pure literature. Mr. Boyle's volume, which, indeed, does not pretend to be exhaustive in any way, surprises us a little by its complete absence of reference to foreign authorities. He knows, surely, the work done by Truffaut, by Bleu, by the Comte de Buysson; while an orchid-grower so ready to adopt new suggestions and so apt for experiment is, doubtless, a subscriber to that excellent periodical, *L'Orchidophile*, published monthly, since 1881, under the capable direction of M. Godefroy-Lebœuf.

Mr. Frederick Boyle's chatty and optimistic papers have appeared already in serial form. Our readers will recognize in his book pages which they have enjoyed on their first appearance in these columns. The object he has before him in writing about orchids is to persuade people of modest resources that these beautiful plants can be successfully cultivated at much lower cost, both of time and money, than is generally supposed. To prove this he cites the extraordinary success which he has enjoyed within a quarter of an acre of suburban garden. Mr. Boyle calls himself an amateur—that is to say, he is not a gardener nor a botanist, and he does not approach the subject from a professional point of view. To be sure there is *Reichenbachia*, a work before which every orchid-grower must veil the bonnet; but this is a white elephant. You need the greater part of your quarter of an acre to turn its folio pages in. Then there are the technical treatises written by great and puissant gardeners for little gardeners. But these are almost intentionally obscure, and reveal little or nothing to the beginner. Mr. Boyle shall speak for himself:—

'Everything that relates to orchids has a charm for me, and I have learned to hold it as an article of faith that pursuits which interest one member of the cultured public will interest all, if displayed clearly and pleasantly, in a form to catch attention at the outset. Savants and professionals have kept the delights of orchidology to themselves as yet. They smother them in scientific treatises, or commit them to dry earth burial in gardening books. Very few outsiders suspect that any amusement could be found therein. Orchids are environed by mystery, pierced now and again by a brief announcement that something with an incredible name has been sold for a fabulous number of guineas; which passing glimpse into an unknown world makes it more legendary than before. It is high time such noxious superstitions were dispersed.'

Mr. Boyle here succinctly describes the aim of a useful and pleasant book, but we hardly know why he should say "noxious." He has a passionate desire for the vulgarization of the orchid. He records with glee how *Masdevallia Torrensis* was worth a queen's ransom, and how Messrs. Sander sent an agent to Caracas, and flooded the market at one swoop with forty thousand specimens. No "noxious superstition" about the Messrs. Sander! But why is Mr. Boyle so exceedingly glad at all this wasteful profusion? The way in which these gigantic, these ridiculously gigantic, orders are carried out should be very distressing to a man with any reflection. Mr. Boyle himself tells us that a good tree has been felled for every three scraps of *Odontoglossum* now established in Europe, and that these orchids arrive annually by hundreds of thousands. Yet he cheerfully says, "There is no alternative." Surely, yes! there is the alternative of doing the work of collecting in greater moderation. It is the vulgarization of the orchid, it is the wasteful appetite of the little amateur for whom Mr. Boyle caters, that is doing all the mischief. Soon, unless the Governments interfere, as we lately stated with satisfaction that the Rajah of Sarawak had interfered, by positively forbidding exportation, these exquisite creations will entirely disappear, with the fur-seal and the great auk and the lovely birds that vulgar women wear in their bonnets. Travellers of the twentieth century will go to "the little lazy isle, Where the trumpet-orchids blow," and find not one left. Mr. Boyle sacrifices too much to the greed of the orchid-trader.

But we must not part from this volume with any but good words. Mr. Boyle is an enthusiast, and he knows how to pass on his enthusiasm to his readers. His chapters are eminently amusing and entertaining, even to a perfectly indifferent reader, and to those who are groping their way in darkness his advice will be a lamp for their feet. The exquisite coloured drawings by Mr. Moon are not new, but they greatly add to the charm of this agreeable book.

#### THE TOMB OF AN ARCHBISHOP.\*

M R. ST. JOHN HOPE has edited for the Society of Antiquaries a fine series of plates of the vestments found in the tomb of an archbishop in Canterbury Cathedral. The tomb itself is

well known to visitors, and has been engraved by Dart and others. It is of Purbeck marble, and stands under one of the windows on the south side of the Ambulatory of Trinity Chapel. It is in a very early style, and has usually been attributed to Archbishop Theobald, who died in 1161. Some time ago Canon Scott-Robertson was able to show that Theobald's tomb is to be sought at the east end of the north aisle, and may be identified with one which was opened at that spot about a hundred years ago. It became, therefore, of some importance to identify the sarcophagus in the Trinity Chapel. Armed with the necessary permissions, six antiquaries, including two learned Jesuit Fathers, opened it on the 10th of last March. The body of an archbishop was discovered, with a mitre and other archiepiscopal vestments, and with a silver-gilt chalice and paten. The crosier was decorated with Gnostic and other gems, set in silver-gilt. It is curious to remark that the chasuble, the stole, and the buskins were old vestments, but the mitre and some of the other objects found were made for the funeral. These makeshifts, says Mr. Hope, for proper vestments may be due to a hasty burial, and he points out that Gervase, in his *Actus Pontificum*, expressly states that Archbishop Hubert Walter died at Teynham, 13th July, 1205, and was buried the next day in Canterbury Cathedral. The tomb itself and everything found in it tally exactly with this date, and there can be little, if any, doubt as to the identity of the remains. Hubert was chancellor of England during the first six years of King John, and, in fact, died in office. He was succeeded in the primacy, after a kind of triangular duel between the Pope, the King, and the monks of Canterbury, by the great Stephen Langton, cardinal of St. Chrysogonus.

The illustrations in the volume deserve separate mention. The coloured plates are marvellously executed, the cloth of gold of some of the vestments being represented with the greatest fidelity. The paten and chalice and some other small objects are given in what look like woodcuts, but are really blocks in some kind of photogravure.

#### SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE.\*

**I**N this large work, comprising nearly a thousand pages, the experienced author, who has been one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons for the last twenty-five years, and appears to be a complete master of every phase of prison life, presents to his readers a series of graphic descriptions most interesting in themselves and excellently set forth, in language free alike from maudlin sentimentality and overstrained seriousness, the two rocks on which those who embark in "criminal" literature are generally wrecked. Some objection might, perhaps, be urged against the first part of the title, as there are really no secrets revealed, and the nature and scope of the work are accurately described in the second part, "Gao Studies and Sketches"; but this is a criticism which would equally apply to many other works of the present day and of recent years, all the novels and about half the serious literature being offered to the public under most incongruous and misleading titles.

The mode adopted by Major Griffiths is very satisfactory, and is characterized by a methodical arrangement which assists the reader materially. He divides his subject into several parts, each of which he treats separately and exhaustively, and he ends with a summary of the whole. Thus he begins with an introduction concerning prisons, prisoners, and criminal characteristics, then gives details of the last days of transportation, secondary punishment at home and abroad, types of prisoners, escapes, and juvenile crime; and he ends with general conclusions.

The methods of repressing crime are considered, and the failure of banishment beyond the sea to effect the object in view is shown to be complete and absolute. Deportation, the author says, however administered, must undoubtedly disappear sooner or later from other countries, as it has done from this, and simple deprivation of liberty under varying conditions of severity remains the best, if not the only possible, method of dealing with offenders. Imprisonment, however, has never gone far to achieve its two avowed and most obvious aims—namely, to cure the actual and deter the possible criminal.

Major Griffiths gives a long chapter concerning indeterminate sentences, in which it seems that the prison is, in fact, to become a moral hospital; every individual inmate is to be "a case" whose cure is to be attempted; and when he is convalescent he is to be discharged. A first strong objection to the system is the transfer of judicial functions from the proper tribunals to some newly constituted prison or philanthropical authority, with whom would rest the grave responsibility of gauging amendment and

\* *Secrets of the Prison-House; or, Gaol Studies and Sketches.* By Major Arthur Griffiths. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

according release. The development of this theory of indeterminate sentences, and of the "individual" treatment of criminals, is largely due to the active labours of a group of modern savants, who first appeared in Italy, and who are now known as "criminal anthropologists." The instinctive or born criminal, they say, is by hereditary, organic, and psychical constitution dedicated to crime. This may prove a dangerous and corrupting doctrine, if carried to its logical ends, as it would be useless to attempt to reform the criminal-born child, who is condemned in advance, and must be summarily dealt with, whenever found. Their case would be a hard one, if they were made answerable for the size of their heads, their large ears, and beardless chins, and not for what they choose to do. On these points Major Griffiths says:—

"The world will very probably remain very much where it was before the evolution of the criminal type. Some born criminals will gravitate to gaol, while others will continue ornaments to society, according to the circumstances of their environment and education."

The chapter on criminal characteristics is full of strange information; but those who, like most of us, have not spent a lifetime in studying latent criminality may be excused for doubting some of the theories propounded in it, as many of the so-called characteristics are certainly found, and very commonly too, in persons who have no connexion with crime. There is no fault, however, to be imputed to Major Griffiths in this matter, as he simply puts forward the views of others, and makes very practical and sensible comments on them. He says that idleness—invincible dislike of sustained, honest, and commonplace effort—is characteristic of all criminals, and this is in accordance with the views of all who have had the unhappy fortune to become intimate with those who obtain their living by crime.

In the chapter on the last days of transportation, Major Griffiths gives a brief but interesting account of his introduction to prison life, which came on him suddenly and unexpectedly, as such things happen to many others in the course of their careers. On a fine winter's morning, in 1869, he was dressed for an ordinary parade in his capacity as Brigade-Major of the Staff in Gibraltar, and was on the point of mounting his horse, when General Sir Richard, afterwards Lord, Airey sent for him, and desired him to take charge of the Gibraltar convict establishment, which, in consequence of the illness of the Controller or Governor, had become demoralized—not to say mutinous—though he, in his modesty, avoids the use of this objectionable expression. But he adds, "That was the last day on which I wore a sword; and I drifted away gradually, imperceptibly, but yet completely, from my old profession, and became a civil, not a military, servant of the Crown"; fortunately for the Civil Service, as many will consider who have had the good fortune to read the work now under review.

In the account of incorrigible convicts, interviewing convicts, a convict's conscience, and spurious confessions, there is much that will interest readers of every class, from those who look for pleasure only to those who take an interest in the great work of improving mankind—at least the wicked and criminal portion of it. He gives a detailed account of convict life at Gibraltar, and the various classes of criminals, and tells some excellent stories illustrating the extraordinary cleverness and courage of these men, many of whom notwithstanding are known to be absolutely wanting in all essential qualifications for success in ordinary honourable life. He also gives an account of the causes of prison outbreaks or mutinies, which he says can be traced to one or other of two causes—either weakness in the executive, or well-grounded dissatisfaction at ill-usage, combined with a desire at all hazards to obtain a change. Indeed, according to Major Griffiths, the desire for change is such an overwhelming and unceasing passion with convicts that they are ready to run every risk and incur every punishment, even to death, in its pursuit. This is somewhat contrary to the general belief on the subject, which has hitherto been that after a time prisoners attain to a condition of repose, and feel a satisfaction at having everything provided for them without any anxiety or trouble on their part. He gives interesting particulars of French and other foreign prisons, and describes the horrors of the system of chain-companions, in which two prisoners are chained together, although differing in character, antecedents, and even language. He then comes to French transportation, with its disastrous results in French Guiana and New Caledonia, chiefly caused by uncertain and otherwise defective discipline. The most thoughtful and intelligent Frenchmen, says Major Griffiths, especially that indefatigable and public-spirited band of learned reformers who constitute the French Prison Society, are strongly opposed to a continuance of transportation, which has proved an utter failure, and the day will assuredly come when France will accept the lesson she is learning at so great a cost.

He next describes the prisons in Austria-Hungary, in Germany, in Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Greece, Norway and Sweden, Portugal, Roumania, Servia, Switzerland, Turkey, Japan, China, Morocco, Russia, and the United States, and it will astonish the reader, as, indeed, we own it has astonished us, to find that while the prisons of some of the older countries are set down as "hell upon earth," the heaviest denunciation of all is directed against the last-named country, which has adopted what is called the "lease system," by which the State leases or lets out its prisoners bodily to a contractor for a certain period at a certain price. In the "Proceedings of the Nashville Prison Congress of 1890" very strong criticisms were passed on the lease system by eminent citizens of the United States. One calls it "miserable," another declares "our prisons are in a deplorable condition," and a third, the physician of the State Board of Health, admits that in Tennessee they had arrived at the very darkest phase of prison legislation, for in this State, he says, in a paper read to the Congress, "the Legislature has not only abnegated all responsibility for the treatment of its criminal classes by hiring them as slaves to an irresponsible Company, but has tied its own hands and those of the two next succeeding Legislatures by a contract with the hiring Company which forbids all action for six years after the passing of the Bill."

In 1891 Captain Powell, for many years Superintendent of the Florida Convict Camp, published a volume entitled *The American Siberia*, giving an account of the tortures inflicted upon convicts, especially in the early days after the war. Even in later years, when public opinion was roused to condemn the system, it was still cruelly severe. At one time negro convicts were overseers, although many of the other convicts were white men. The guards, armed with muskets and bayonets, so prodded laggards going to and from labour that the legs and backs of nearly all were covered with the scars of bayonet wounds. The punishments were simply protracted tortures—"tying up by the thumbs," with the effect that some men's thumbs were longer than their forefingers; "sweating," which was to put the culprit in a close box without ventilation or light; "watering," an ancient device of the Inquisition, in which water was poured down the throat till the stomach was enormously distended, producing great agony and a sense of impending death from the pressure upon the heart.

The reader cannot peruse these gruesome details without inexpressible loathing and disgust, and a feeling that, so far as this particular matter is concerned, the United States is behind all the civilized nations of the earth, and on a par with the most degraded of which we read in remote barbaric times. We earnestly hope that further light may be forthcoming on this painful subject, and that at least some steps are being taken to remove this terrible stigma; but in the meanwhile we must accept what Major Griffiths tells us, and grieve that a great nation has allowed itself to undergo this overwhelming disgrace.

"It may be [says Major Griffiths] that a good prison system will not necessarily diminish crime; but the absence of certain precautions, such as the prevention of gaol contamination, will in a measure account for an increase in the general body of criminals. To whatever cause it may be attributed, the fact remains that serious crime has increased of late years in the United States, and this out of proportion to the increasing population."

The growth of crime in the United States has been inferred from the prevailing impression that life is held cheap in the great "Land of Liberty," and that extraordinary tenderness is shown to the slayer of his fellow-man. This impression is justified by an examination of the statistics of "Homicides," as shown by the last Census Bulletin, and it must be manifest that the figures refer only to the homicides actually in custody, no account being taken in the Census of murders committed, the perpetrators of which were not arrested.

With regard to the types of prisoners, some highly interesting information is given, among others that women in gaol are more difficult to manage than men, while, according to most recent modern statistics, they are everywhere less criminal than men, the proportion of female offenders to female population being very much lower than that of males. This proportion varies in different countries. An English authority says that in France male criminals are four times as numerous as female, while a French authority, basing his statement on French Ministerial figures, says it is six times. In the United States, criminal men to women are said to be as twelve to one, though according to the last Census Bulletin the most serious offenders, the convicts in penitentiaries, are twenty-four males to one female. In Italy and Spain the proportion is still more against the males, while with us in this country, although female crime has followed the

very general decrease so marked in recent years, the proportion is fifteen males to one female in the convict population, and five to one in the local prisons. Sir Edmond Du Cane, the distinguished head of the English prisons, said in 1891, "Twenty years ago there were altogether 1,046 females under sentence of penal servitude in Great Britain; now there are considerably under 400," to which Major Griffiths adds that, "although women lapse less frequently into crime than men, it must not be overlooked that, though not always criminal themselves, they are often the cause of criminality in others of the opposite sex, and that in fact crime is largely committed for them, if not by them," and he says that their peculiar traits are caprice, obstinacy, intolerance of authority, jealousy, ultra-sensitiveness, and craving for revenge. He divides female prisoners into three classes: the impulsive or accidental, the professional, and the hopelessly habitual criminal, and he gives examples of each. He also devotes a chapter to "Gentlemen in goal," of whom it seems there is a large variety drawn from many sections of society, bearers of real titles and the claimants thereto, officers of both services, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, in fact persons of every class from the "unhappy nobleman languishing in prison" of whom we have all heard, and the Irish-American convicts, who are a species of chartered libertines, to the "editor who," as he puts it, "nobly bears another's deed rather than surrender the sacred secrets of the press." He next describes "commonplace criminals," whom he divides into three categories—the chance or accidental thief, the thief who does not wish to steal, but through weakness does it frequently, and the professional thief—and he gives many characteristics of each kind; after which he devotes a chapter to foreigners, another to complainants, malingering, and old hands, and one to "Cain," concluding this branch of his subject with one on "three types of murderers," with examples—the first, one who married women and, when their money was exhausted, murdered them; the second, a man afflicted with homicidal mania; the third, a foreigner, a sort of Jack the Ripper, who begged of women in lonely places and murdered them.

Major Griffiths next gives a general account of escapes from prison, and says that the craving for freedom is the one constant passionate desire of all animals in captivity, man included, so long as their courage remains unbroken, their natural instincts unchanged. The courage, enterprise, talent, endurance, suffering of prisoners in making their escape are simply astounding, and it is impossible not to feel a deep regret that the marvellous qualities brought to light in this way are not devoted to some better use.

Next comes a chapter on juvenile crime, with an account of juvenile depravity, reformatories, industrial schools, and all the various methods adopted for the prevention of crime, as distinguished from its punishment or cure; after this a chapter on an outbreak or mutiny in a reformatory, and one on the reformatory system in foreign countries; and, last, the author's general conclusions concerning the British prisons of to-day, in which he claims for the system of his country that it is the growth of time, the product of experience, and that in the many changes introduced during this century the great aim and object has been progressive improvement. He attaches great importance to prison construction, and mentions that the first substantial move ahead was made in the building of Pentonville, a prison which was to serve as a model for all other prisons, as has literally been the case; he also speaks of the uniformity of prison treatment which now prevails, and of the decrease of crime resulting from the course pursued, and gives credit to the Irish system as adopted in Mountjoy Prison for great success in accomplishing the desired end; and he adds, "Whatever merit the so-called Irish system possessed can also be claimed for that which undoubtedly preceded it and which has now survived it. The prisoner is subjected to processes which improve him, and at the same time invite his own co-operation, so that his fate is really in his own hands. He is first chastened, then strengthened, and, last of all, he is encouraged to run alone. In conclusion Major Griffiths says:—

"It will hardly be denied, after an impartial consideration of all the facts here set forth, that the prison system of this country can challenge comparison with any in the world. It may be no more perfect than other human institutions; but its administrators have laboured long and steadfastly to approximate to perfection. Incarceration must continue until some other form of punishment has been devised; prisons are still indispensable; only they should be constructed, governed, and used in accordance with humanity, justice, and common sense."

With this sentiment, and, indeed, with most of the sentiments

promulgated in this book, we cordially agree, and we have no hesitation in recommending a careful perusal of the excellent work of Major Griffiths to all who desire information on the subject of prisoners and prisons.

#### RIDERS OF MANY LANDS.\*

**I**T is a distinct disadvantage to this book that it has a frontispiece representing two polo ponies in those galvanized-frog attitudes which are mercifully revealed only to the camera; for many a reader wearied by semi-scientific treatises on equitation might hastily conclude that this was but another of the series, throw it on one side, and by so doing lose a real treat. For Colonel Dodge is an exceedingly agreeable companion, and has the love of horses so thoroughly ingrained that his enthusiasm easily communicates itself to a brother *λαπόφιλος*. A Yankee, too, of the Yankees, and as little averse as any of his countrymen from "waving the banner," he has in the course of immense travel acquired a cosmopolitan fairness and liberality in his ideas about other nations, and having also a thoroughly American sense of humour, with complete knowledge of his subject, he has produced a book of which even the hardened Reviewer is loth to skip a chapter or page.

From Mexico eastward, through Europe, Africa, and our Indian Empire to China (he has never visited Australia) has Colonel Dodge journeyed, for the set purpose apparently of studying horses, how they are saddled, bridled, harnessed, loaded, ridden, driven, treated, fed or starved in every country north of the Equator, and the result of his observations is given in the most exhaustive summary of the world's horsemanship that has ever been written. It will, however, surprise nobody to learn that the conclusion at which—to use an Irishism—he arrives from the beginning is, that nowhere on this earth is there such a breed of horses and horsemen as in the United States. The cowboys are the best rough-riders or "bronco-busters," the cavalry the finest troopers, and the Southerners the best saddle-horse—meaning road—riders that the world has yet produced, while their steeds are in all respects as far in advance of those to be found in any other land. It is true that the English are allowed to excel in the hunting field, in race-riding, and for the moment at polo-playing; though as to this latter accomplishment, we are assured that the day is near at hand when we shall be altogether out-classed by our Transatlantic rivals. But what a blow to our vanity to be told, as we are most decidedly and distinctly, that we not only hardly possess such an animal as a saddle-horse—our word "hack" is never used—in the country, but that we do not even know what it is. Still more humiliating is it to reflect that the accusation is as nearly as possible true—that there is, at any rate, but little exaggeration in the statement. For it must be admitted that Colonel Dodge is right when he tells us that, as far as our own riding is concerned, we have sacrificed everything to the hunter; so that, galloping and jumping being the objects for which we breed and break our horses, the trot is the only other pace, or "gait," as he calls it, which we cultivate as the means of arriving at the place whence we propose to gallop and jump. We cannot gainsay the fact that we bestow no trouble whatever on our hacks, even when we have them, which is comparatively seldom. The very names of the various "gaits" here so highly extolled, such as "the running walk," "the single-foot," "the pace," "the amble," "the lope," "the rack," &c., are unknown amongst us, or known only to the few who have, in books or schools, studied the "high art." Nor is even our canter—as we use the term—at all the same thing as that which Colonel Dodge understands by the performance. It may be—very likely is, as he says—that for real comfort and ease in saddle-horse and gear you must go to the Southern States of North America. At the same time we must enter a vehement protest against such a pictorial libel as "The Country Gentleman's Typical Saddle-horse" on p. 167—at least, if intended to apply to English country gentlemen. A more clumsy, vulgar, underbred cob, or one more certain to shake his head before he had gone five miles, never had his portrait taken; but, as the creature bestridden by the "Gentleman Rider in Central Park" (p. 160) is fashioned on much the same lines, it must be supposed that the New Yorkers have a weakness for the class—in which case the sooner they betake them to Kentucky in search of the vaunted stock there raised, the better it will be for the stud-education of the dudes.

*A propos* of the Anglo-American vein running throughout the book, Colonel Dodge is delightful in his courteous toleration of our national "side," self-sufficiency and confidence, which he gravely

\* *Riders of Many Lands.* By Theodore A. Dodge, Brev. Lieut.-Co. U.S.A. Army. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

appreciates and deplores. There is a rather general impression that our cousins are not altogether deficient in these attributes.

The Arabian, the recognized source of what stablemen call *quality*—i.e. of all that is most fascinating in horseflesh—has been carefully studied by the author in the various countries where the Child of the Desert has become thoroughly acclimated and at home. Throughout the book he is weighed in the balance with perfect fairness; his many valuable qualities are duly appreciated, the inestimable service he has rendered to all nations who have paid even passing attention to horse-breeding receives its full meed of praise; but it is impossible for an expert and enthusiast such as Colonel Dodge to overlook or ignore the fact that the Arab is by no means, even when seen at his best on his native deserts, that wonderful combination of shape, speed, endurance, courage, docility, and intelligence which poets and novelists have agreed to describe. He is a serviceable, sound little animal, who would be a great deal better were his shoulders only half as good as his legs and feet; but we all know that the worst English racehorse would make the best Arab ever seen or heard of lie down at any reasonable weight over any distance. Colonel Dodge agrees with nearly all previous writers that the Nedjid is the absolutely pure strain, and that a good mare is practically not to be bought; the owners simply declining to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. He is, however, the first who has called attention to the curious fact that the grand quarters and setting-on of the tail, popularly supposed to be the distinguishing characteristic, as it certainly is a chief attraction in Arabians, is only found in those bred eastward of the Libyan Desert; on the west side of that tract, the Barb—though springing, as far as is known, from the same original parentage—has a somewhat mean appearance behind the saddle, mainly owing to a low-set tucked-in tail.

Where, however, shall we find another devout horse-worshipper sufficiently endowed with uncommon sense and the spirit of fair play to lay aside his lofty theme and devote several chapters to the *laus asini*? Yet the truth is that Colonel Dodge has an honest admiration for the humble donkey, almost if not quite as great as that with which he regards the horse, and though he does not explicitly say it, there is little doubt which of the two animals he considers the more intelligent; but he tells us that till we get as far as Cairo we can form no idea of the ease and comfort of donkey-riding. The ass which can step along four and a half miles an hour, with a load nearly his own weight on his back, is certainly not the Nelly with which we are familiar in the British Isles.

Capital stories, mostly new, quaint remarks, and shrewd observations on an immense variety of subjects—the author has a most happy knack of digression, for which he makes ample and unnecessary apology—crowd these pages. Jim the cook's ride on the "outlaw" piebald is one of the most amusing anecdotes. The Mussulman proverbs, and the emoluments of Persian viceroys, are typical specimens of the odd bits of lore and knowledge picked up by Colonel Dodge in the course of his far wanderings.

The kindest of critics, he sees something to admire everywhere and in almost everything, except perhaps in a Chinese pony. His graduated scale of horsemanship ranges from the American at the top of the tree to the Chinaman at the very bottom, and he can bestow no higher praise on Xenophon than to call him "this Yankee of a Greek."

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHEN we first began to read M. Paul Sabatier's *Life of St. Francis* (1) we felt a few misgivings. His opening pages seemed to savour not a little of the Renanesque—or of the singular delusion that you can sympathize with and understand religious phenomena without yourself taking, or at least admitting, the religious point of view—and of trying to substitute "unction" for "grace." But we soon discovered that we had to do with a writer who, whatever his defects, proceeded in a very different fashion from his in some sort master. We still think M. Sabatier's attitude a mistaken one, and to a certain extent an illogical. He appears to be subject to that strange weakness of modern thinking which makes it disposed to admit anything but a miracle. Now, to any one whose intellect is not fettered by fashion and other parochialities, it is much easier to admit miracles than to admit the existence of an undeviating law of nature, without anybody to start it and keep it from deviating. This latter is logically inconceivable, if you like; but as for anything else, there is no difficulty whatever to an unprejudiced thinker.

(1) *Vie de St. François d'Assise*. Par Paul Sabatier. Paris: Fribach.

However, we came to praise M. Sabatier, and not to argue on first principles. In the first place, we have seldom seen so masterly and careful a criticism of a very complicated and bulky set of original documents as the eighty pages of his "*Etude critique des sources*." We may differ with him here or there, and special students of special points or subjects may have this or that to reprehend in him. But nobody who has mastered the general principles of criticism—we own that we think the number of those who have to be a wofully small one—will have the very faintest doubt that M. Sabatier is of his own company. He has all the marks—patient and impartial study of documents (in respect of which he justly reprimands certain Bollandists), without arbitrary selection or rejection; refusal to diverge into matters not directly germane to his subject (we admire hugely the astonishing self-denial of his declining to discuss the authorship of the *Dies iræ* when he is talking of Thomas of Celano); abstinence from the tempting but hopelessly uncritical habit—M. Renan's own favourite engine—of taking without rhyme or reason Fact X from Document A, Fact Z from Document B, putting them together, and coolly dismissing everything else in both B and A as of no value at all. We do, indeed, find in his subsequent connected narrative a few indulgences in the conjectural—as, for instance, the rather gratuitous suggestion that Francis's return from Spoleto to Assisi, after his brief experience as a page, was due to his noble companions having tried to *brimer* (say "haze" or "draw") him. But even then we can pardon it, when we remember the solid superstructure of actual critical study which he has laid for his edifice, and the invariable care with which he distinguishes conjecture from certainty.

In some ways we do not agree with M. Sabatier's view of the middle ages—especially on their ecclesiastical side. He has too hastily adopted that view (itself a rather hazardous and doubtful one) of the Jewish prophets which makes them anti-ecclesiastic, or at least anti-sacerdotal, and he has too unhesitatingly transferred it to this new scene. He has a host of theories about the democratic character of Gothic art, and so on, which would, no doubt, rejoice the heart of Mr. William Morris, but which we are equally unable to accept. And when he says that there was a time when the comparatively insignificant sect of the Cathari might possibly have got the better of the Church altogether, we feel that we are asked to take an excursion into the regions of the Might-have-been, which, besides the drawbacks of all such excursions, has the additional one of directing itself towards the county or province of those regions which bears the special title of the "Could-hardly-by-any-conceivable-possibility-have-been."

Some things of this kind, however, are due merely to unavoidable differences of opinion, and others to the operation of M. Sabatier's avowed principle that "l'amour c'est la véritable clef de l'histoire." M. Sabatier will understand our demur when we remind him of a famous passage of Lucretius gallicized in a hardly less famous one of Molière. The lover may have a gift of seeing his mistress which is very precious to himself, but it involves, and perhaps depends upon, his never quite seeing her as she appears to others. It is, however, the peculiar advantage of M. Sabatier's admirable critical apparatus that he supplies, as it were, a photograph of the said mistress to correct his own fancy picture of her, and we do not believe that any one of intelligence can read this book through without conceiving a truer as well as a livelier notion of the Saint than he has ever had before. If not quite the equal of M. Renan in mere style, M. Sabatier writes extremely well, and he is free from some unlucky characteristics which that writer developed more and more in some respects. To treat, for instance, the relations of Saint Francis and Saint Clare from the emotional point of view is a very delicate matter, and one for which we should certainly not have selected the author of the *Abbesse de Jouarre*, and of one or two other things. M. Sabatier does it with a touch extraordinarily sure and free from offence. Indeed, we scarcely ever remember to have come across an historian who combined the drier and more critical faculty with the effusive and pictorial talent in such happy proportions. Nor is he satisfied, as many use, with giving his sources accurately first and then "panning out" without restraint. On the contrary, the main, or constructive, part of the book is accompanied by running footnotes of reference as careful as if there had been no critical introduction at all, so that the reader's finger is, so to speak, always on the author's pulse. It is a remarkable and excellent book; nor, great as is the progress which the French historical school has recently made, have we seen a better example of it.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"IT is not well," Professor Seeley remarks, in the preface to his *Goethe, Reviewed after Sixty Years* (Seeley & Co.), "to bury a great and delightful poet under a weight of commentary." Perhaps, considering the unceasing labours of German critics towards this end, it were superfluous in an English critic, addressing English readers, to add to the intolerable burden "after sixty years." There is really more need of excavating than of burying. Accordingly, Professor Seeley's little book on Goethe is designed for the practical guidance, as a key or companion, to the English student. There is always some more or less reasonable ground for suspecting that when a writer has become in any sense a classic, and is inordinately written about—of, and round about—he has ceased to be read, or at least is no longer a vitalizing force and intellectual influence. If we hearken to the voices of German critics of to-day, Goethe's fame was never more assured nor higher than now. Hermann Grimm, for instance, regards Goethe as the greatest poet of all ages and of all nations. Professor Seeley is content to ask in this connexion, "Why rank him with Shakespeare?" If Goethe is not one of the greatest of dramatic poets, it is clear that the German critic is more patriotic than critical. *Faust* may fairly be ranked among the Shakspearian dramas, as Professor Seeley puts it; but what of other works of Goethe of the first order? There is *Hermann und Dorothea*—"very pretty and perfect." There are *Iphigenie*—"very noble"; *Tasso*—"very refined"; *Götz*—"very spirited"; *Egmont*—"somewhat disappointing"; while the other plays are unimportant, "when not, like *Stella*, extravagant." Then, Professor Seeley remarks, "The pathos of *Werther* is almost as obsolete as that of Richardson"—by which it would seem that he is confusing spirit and letter, Richardson's style or manner and Richardson's pathos. "Thanks to the human heart by which we live," the pathos of *Clarisse Harlowe* can never be obsolete. From such generalities the author proceeds to the work in hand, and it must be owned that there is much in his "companion" for the English student of Goethe that is suggestive and valuable. He lays great stress on the true significance of Goethe's strenuous endeavours for self-culture, and on a right understanding of the various literary periods or phases of his intellectual development. He would correct the habit, common to English readers, of regarding Goethe simply as a dramatic poet and the author of the First Part of *Faust*. Throughout his discriminating exposition of Goethe's literary phases he illustrates the truth of Byron's observation that Goethe "created the literature of his country." In his excellent analysis of *Wilhelm Meister*, as in other portions of his discourse, Professor Seeley shows to what extent the poet was inspired by the criticism of life rather than the creative imagination, and from other points of view treats his complex subject in a well-tempered spirit.

*The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks* (Cassell & Co.), translated by Alice Zimmern from the German of Professor H. Blümner, gives a general survey of the manners and customs of the Greeks, their social conditions, dress, sports, education, and individual life-history, from the birth and rearing of the infant until the round of life is completed. The book is not literally rendered, and is, as we understand from Miss Zimmern's preface, somewhat conciser in style than the original, which perhaps is to the advantage of the English reader. Although one or two of the subjects treated, such as music and its association with gymnastics and the stage, are somewhat scantly discussed, the work is comprehensive in scope, and thoroughly worthy of the skill bestowed upon it by the translator. The opening chapters on Costume form, indeed, an admirable little treatise in themselves, while those on the Theatre, Gymnastics and Games, Infancy, Marriage, and Burial are also excellent. The value of the work to the general reader is emphasized by the original illustrations, which are chiefly reproduced from paintings on vases, and are extremely interesting as well as useful, since in every instance they are material for the author's comment.

In olden days, as Chaucer sings, the land was "fulfilled of faerie," and the fairies fled with King Arthur, so 'tis said. But Mr. W. B. Yeats bears witness, and very sufficient witness, that this is not so, in his Irish stories and sketches, *The Celtic Twilight* (Lawrence & Bullen), a book as full of charm as its title is suggestive. Mr. Yeats has dwelled in the dim kingdom of dholus and fairies, of ghosts and witches, and lived among those who do still hold commerce with the good people and tell strange stories of the haunted glens and waterways of the green hills of Ireland. Like a poet he invests these things with their proper atmosphere and colouring, harmonizing the scene, the story, and the story-teller with impressive effect, like the accord of the voice and the instrument. This artistic aim is finely realized in the grim story of the man who was set to turn

a spit with a corpse on it before the fire in "*Drumcliff and Rossees*"; in the legend of the "Three O'Byrnes" who dug for fairy treasure; and in the delightful story of "*The Untiring Ones*," from which we learn that not fairies only do never tire of their joy, but mortals also were untiring, as it chanced to the peasant girl who married seven fairy husbands, one after another, each living until seven hundred years passed, and then dying, until the parish priest and everybody regarded her untiring life as a positive scandal. Mr. Yeats takes Scotsmen to task for having "soured the disposition of their ghosts and fairies." He cites the example of the Campbell who tortured a Kelpie, and the horrible treatment of witches in Scotland. In Ireland when a peasant enters an enchanted hut and is forced to turn a spit with a corpse upon it we know, says Mr. Yeats, that he will wake in green field with the dew on his old coat. No doubt, there is in Irish ghost and fairy lore more of grace and less of horror than in Scottish.

Many as are the books, descriptive and historical, or in the way of guidance, that have been written of the Riviera, the tourist, especially if the picturesque be his delight, is considerably beholden to Mr. A. Ansted's pleasant volume of "etchings and vignettes," *The Riviera* (Seeley & Co.). From Hyères to Lerici and Porto Venere Mr. Ansted's itinerary extends, and the whole of this vast coast-line is described and illustrated by the artist, from west to east, in the light and discursive style of the cheerful voyager who goes where and as he will, and enjoys the selective process of his own taste and fancy. In this spirit has Mr. Ansted chosen the subjects of his artistic skill. Hence his etchings of Hyères, Antibes, Monaco, Ventimiglia, San Remo, Savona, and so forth, have an agreeable air of individuality, both as regards the point of view and the execution. Some of the smaller drawings of architectural subjects are likewise capital.

Mr. Henry W. Cave's *Picturesque Ceylon* (Sampson Low & Co.) is frankly, yet correctly, described by the author as "a pictorial—not a literary—effort." It is, in fact, a picture-book, with a running text of comment or description, illustrating the city and port of Colombo, its neighbourhood, and the scenery of the Kelani valley. The illustrations are from photographs, and are well reproduced; the full-page ones being, however, more satisfactory than those that are half the size. Many of the studies of vegetation are excellent, and of the rest those of sky effects—such as the "Afterglow" (the frontispiece), and that at p. 32—have the charm of novelty not less than of successful treatment. Some of the figure-subjects—of which the Tamil Barber is a good example—are not less successful.

*Letters of Travel*, by Phillips Brooks (Macmillan & Co.), comprises a selection from the family correspondence of the late Bishop Brooks relating to travels in England and the Continent, and in India and Japan. They are brightly written, and written, obviously enough, for the information and pleasure of the family circle in Philadelphia or, latterly, in Boston. Easy and natural in style, they are naturally easy reading, though they do but deal with, for the most part, scenes and subjects a hundred times previously described by other tourists.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's prose translation from Hafiz—*Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz* (Nutt)—is put forth, not as a "crib" for the curious English reader, but as an attempt to mirror something of "the splendour of a great work." The attempt is worthy of a poet—though we would it were done in verse—and will command the interest of many, we may trust.

There is something needlessly cryptic about the prelude "How the Stories were Found" in the selection of translations from Hauff, *The Little Glass Man* (Fisher Unwin), recently included in "The Children's Library." What is the meaning of this elaborate fable about the despatch of a fairy to Germany in search of the book of the stories of Wilhelm Hauff? You might think from this absurd preface that Hauff had not before been Englished, whereas those very stories have been admirably translated and admirably illustrated—not "illustrated" as the book before us is, by two "wash drawings" that clearly illustrate nothing of Hauff whatever, but illustrated with excellent spirit and humour.

The new edition of *Deephaven*, by Sarah Orne Jewett (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)—sketches of provincial life as it was, and no longer is, in New England—is tastefully got up, and illustrated with some charming drawings by Charles and Marcia Woodbury.

In the second edition of Professor Nutcher's admirable essays, *Some Aspects of Greek Genius* (Macmillan & Co.), which has lately appeared, a new chapter is added, "On the Dawn of Romanticism in Greek Poetry"—a somewhat neglected field of study, of which considerable illustration is cited, especially with regard to the modern sentiment for landscape, from the Anthology, and from Apollonius and other writers.

The new issue of the *Windsor Porage* (Chatto & Windus),

edited by Mr. Edward Walford, is one of those annual books for reference which require no commendation. It is one of the most compact as to information, and one of the handiest as to arrangement, of books of its class. Like a dictionary, it observes an alphabetic order, not separating the Peerage from Baronetage and Knighthage, and the method is beyond question highly convenient.

We have also received a new edition of *The Cambridge Companion to the Bible* (Clay & Sons), with glossary, indexes, concordance, and a new set of maps; *Noah Porter*, edited by George S. Merriam (Sampson Low & Co.), a Memorial by Friends; Mr. James Forsyth's *Book of Designs for Mural and other Monuments*, fifth edition; *Elements of Music, Harmony, and Musical Form* by M. I. Richardson (Rivingtons, Percival, & Co.), a course of study for students preparing for examination; *Elements of English Grammar*, by Alfred S. West, M.A. (Cambridge: at the University Press); *Mines Statement and Goldfields Report*, by the Hon. R. J. Seddon, Minister of Mines (Wellington, N.Z.: Costall); *The Elements of Hypnotism*, by R. Harry Vincent (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), illustrated; *Side Lights*, by James C. Runciman, with memoir by Grant Allen and introduction by W. T. Stead (Fisher Unwin); *The Trinummus of Plautus*, as acted at Westminster, and printed for the School; *Home Rule*, a speech by Nicholas Flood Davin, Q.C., M.P. (Toronto: Hunter & Co.); *Notes on the History of the East India Company Coinage, 1753-1835*, by Edgar Thurston (Quaritch); Specimen of the *Padumati*, with Analysis of the entire poem, by G. A. Grierson (Calcutta: Baptist Press), reprinted from the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*; *Lettres di Onorato Caetani*, second edition (Rome: Forzani); *Der Bauerngraf*, a romance, by Ernst Remin (Mannheim: Bensheimer); *Die Notenbank-Frage in Beziehung zur Währungsreform in Österreich-Ungarn*, by Max Wirth (Frankfort-on-Main: Sauerländer); *The Reunion of England and America*, by Andrew Carnegie (Edinburgh: Elliot); *The Work of the Universities for the Nation*, a lecture by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., M.P. (Cambridge: at the University Press); *Report of Proceedings in connexion with the "Sea Voyage Movement"* (Calcutta: "Indian Daily News"); *Arcana in the Ruvenzori*, or "Treasures in Uganda" (Elliot Stock); *Archeologia Oxiensis*, supplement to Part II., by J. Park Harrison, M.A. (Frowde); *Christ and Social Reform*, by James Adderley (S. P. C. K.), an appeal to working-men; *Stories Retold*, reprinted from the *Madras Mail* (Tamblyn); *The Auld Scotch Precentor*, by Nicholas Dickson (Glasgow: Morison); *The Passing of the Poet*, by Aquila (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Patriotic Poetry* (Norgate & Co.); *King William III.*, an historical drama in five acts, by William Joseph Yeoman (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *Local Examination Papers on Shakespeare and Milton* (Relfe).

The publishers of Mr. Arnold Lupton's *Mining* are Messrs. Longmans & Co.; not, as stated here last week by oversight, Messrs. Macmillan.

**We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.**

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